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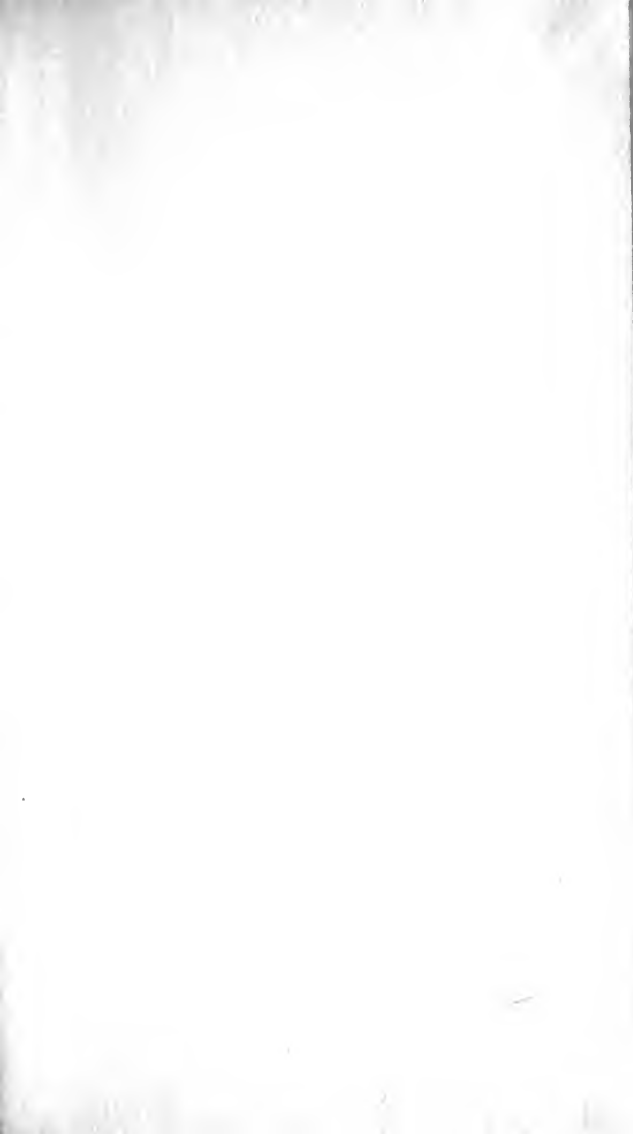
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THE ITINERANT.

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THE
ITINERANT,
IN
SCOTLAND.

VOL. VII.

BY S. W. RYLEY.

“ The world’s a stage,
“ And all the men and women merely players ;
“ They have their exits and their entrances ;
“ And one man, in his time, plays many parts.”

“ SHAKSPEARE.”

LONDON :

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The Itinerant.

CHAP. XX.

My unlucky star for once did not preside at Kendal, and I could not have visited that town at a more favourable opportunity. A public meeting was to be held the next day, for which a stage had been erected in a convenient street. The political purpose of this meeting I shall not state, wishing to avoid politics as much as I can in this narrative, although I never yet did, or ever shall, flinch from those opinions when called for, on which I conceive the temporary happiness of my fellow-creatures depends. Suffice it to say,

the cause for which this meeting was called met with my warmest wishes, and in a pecuniary point of view, held out a fair prospect of success.

Mr. Brougham, to whom I long had the honour, for such, in the fullest sense of the word, I esteem it, of being known, with numbers of his Westmorland friends, assembled on this occasion, and as I considered them as certain auditors, accordingly I gave my Lecture in the Theatre the following evening; nor was I deceived, most of the gentlemen attended, and Mr. Brougham's munificence on that occasion I shall ever remember with gratitude, as a flattering mark of respect, from one of the first characters of the present day.

One circumstance that took place I must not omit, though I confess it does no great credit to the feelings of a pretended friend of freedom, and is one proof amongst many others that some who bear the name of *Christian*, are unworthy of the title.

On the afternoon previous to my Lec-

ture at Kendal; the friends of Mr. Brougham dined at the King's Arms, to the number of forty or fifty, and I had the honour to be one. Mr. Whyburgh, a Cumberland gentleman, was in the chair, and in justice to his talent I must say, he filled it with a degree of eloquence, address, spirit, wit, and sentiment, not, in my opinion, to be equalled, sure I am it could not be surpassed.

I left the room early, on account of my Lecture, and was followed to the door by a gentleman, who had that day poured forth from the hustings a long speech, not singularly brilliant; however, it *was* a speech, and in favour of very moderate constitutional freedom.

In the lobby he thus addressed me,—
“ Mr. Romney, I am sorry I am under the necessity of leaving the town immediately. I live at a considerable distance, otherwise I should attend your Lecture this evening; for I have read the *Itinerant*, and think genius ought to be supported, more espe-

cially by the well-informed friends of freedom ; however, if you should, at any future period, chance to pitch your tent near Maryport, in the vicinity of which I reside, I shall be happy to use my influence in your behalf."

Words cost us nothing, thought I ; if they did, this gentleman would have been more sparing of his eloquence ; for surely a rich man, and a magistrate, whose wish it was, as he was pleased to say, that " genius should be supported," if he could not personally attend my Lecture, might have found some other means to aid a poor man's efforts. But physiognomy told another tale ; his iron aspect and grinding features, gave the lie to all he said, and I left him with no very favourable impression on my mind.

The sequel of this work will show how far I was right in my conjectures. I am by no means a good hater ; I can forgive, but I cannot forget an injury unprovoked, and I feel a slight gratification in stating

this circumstance, in hopes it may one day or other come to the knowledge of the individual to whom it is chiefly addressed.

My evening's success afforded me next morning a pleasing opportunity of making a handsome remittance to the centre of all my earthly *happiness*, and after taking leave of my friends, I left Kendal once more, to brave danger, and encounter, perhaps, distress in Scotland, to obtain comfort for my Nanny, at Parkgate.

But I was a veteran in the cause, and my late success had led me to encourage a valiant feeling, that whispered, as I passed over Shap-fells, "Who's afraid."

Wine, 'tis said in Scripture, "makes glad the heart of God and man." I don't know what to make of this sentence, nor any body else, I fear. Shall, therefore, leave it to old M'Gavin, the Kirk Elder, the Lambs of Old Lanark, or the Holy Alliance, to expound.

This, however, I am convinced of, by

long experience—*Money* makes glad the heart of *man*, and *woman* too, as the Postman could prove, I trust, when he delivered my last letter into the hand of my Anne, of Parkgate.

CHAP. XXI.

As I esteemed it my interest to make the best of my way to Glasgow, I lost no time on the road, and except calling on the worthy family of the Jolly's, Proprietors of the principal Carlisle Paper, who have for some years favoured me with their friendship, I met with no one I knew till my arrival in that populous, wealthy, and flourishing city, in which I had been led to hope something advantageous might be expected.

There has been, through my heterogeneous life, such a mixture of bitter and sweet, the one generally following the other, that I have frequently been led to bear the former with more fortitude, knowing, from experience, that a pleasant change would probably take place, and

vice versa, to be not over elated by success, for the same reason.

The morning after my arrival in Glasgow, I stopped at a Print-shop, and what should strike my eye in the window, but —“ Mr. Mathews will be at Home this evening, at the Theatre.” Now though I loved Mathews, I certainly should have been more pleased to have heard of him in health any where else; for having remitted most of my Kendal success to Parkgate, my finances needed a replenish, and by the appearance of this *Leviathan* of laughter, this *Colossus* of comic humour, every hope of success, in my feeble way, must, for a while at least, be banished.

Still the same feeling of, “ Who’s afraid,” strengthened my mind, and the happy idea that the little Cottager at Parkgate was in possession of sufficient ammunition to keep the wolf from the door for a few weeks, kept at a distance that gnawing pain about the region of the heart, that had for years occasionally been my companion in pecuniary embarrassments.

My friend Mathews was glad to see me. We dined together, in company with that worthiest of men, Mr. John Tate, the Printer, of Glasgow, whose name I repeat with strong feelings of friendship, gratitude, and affliction; for dear John, the friend and patron of merit in *rags*, whose purse and personal efforts were ever at the command of those he thought worthy, though too frequently deceived, is now no more.—May his generous soul be crowned with everlasting comfort.

The success that has followed Mathews for years through England, did not desert him in Scotland. His first night amounted, in Glasgow, to near *three hundred pounds*, and continued, without much deviation, for four nights following; so that I conceive he must have cleared at least *three hundred pounds* that fortnight, and *five hundred* the next at Edinburgh, returning to London *Eight hundred pounds* a gainer, in *one month*!!

'Tis wonderful. The like was never seen,—nor ever will be.—That one man, with no assistant but a Piano-forte player

should combine versatility of talent in his own person, sufficiently attractive to command the crowded attention of all ranks of people in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and by his sole opposition, to cause a “beggarly account of empty boxes,” both at Drury-lane and Covent-garden, whilst crowds of carriages attended the Lyceum, and boxes taken a fortnight in advance, is a *rara avis* in the history of comic talents.

On second thoughts, his success is *not* wonderful ;—but it would have been a wonderful dereliction of taste, and neglect of unparalleled talent, had it been otherwise.

Where exists the Stoic, I would fain know,—the stock—the bronze bust—the embossed emblem of stupidity, that could keep his monastic muscles fixed and unmoved, when Charles Mathews was *at home*?

For my part, were I acquainted with such a no-soul being, I should wish him *from home*, if under the painful necessity of calling at his dwelling.

Mathews went away, and I advertised my *own* performance, like a cock-boat sailing after a hundred-gun ship ; confident, however, that friendship would effect, in a *small* degree, what lack of popularity and talent might fail to accomplish, in a *greater*.

But now the shoe began to pinch, and corns of complaint twinged in the almost empty corner of my pocket-book, where one solitary pound-note proved no healing plaister.

A fortnight out of employment had done this, and as some days must needs elapse, ere I could replenish, the gnawing *rat* of painful reflection, began to nibble at my left side ; but I boldly rallied, and an energetic “ Who’s afraid,” drove the ugly reptile from my ribs.

Letters of introduction I have found frequently useful in England, but seldom in mercantile parts of Scotland. *Trading Sandy*, is not quite so easy of access, unless he is aware a bargain is to be had ; a prudent caution attends all his thoughts, and

actions. This happens, more or less in all cotton trading towns, but more particularly in *Glasgow*.

Doctor Chalmers was so well aware of this unchristian-like feeling, which too much prevailed in his vicinity, that in one of his sermons, in which this good man spoke and spared not, he is said to have made use of the following strong terms :

“ A *Glaskie* merchant is frequently so lost to Evangelical principles, and christian-like practices, that he would receive orders from the *Deevil* on Saturday night, and consign them to *Hell* on Sunday morning.”

The interior of Scotland, however, where trade, that too often hardens the heart, and does away with all the finer feelings of the soul, that distinguishes a human creature from a brute, presents a quite different picture.

I have found in that rural, romantic country, gentlemanly hospitality, the general feelings of the people, and particularly amongst the females of respectability, whose unaffected manners and kind solici-

tations, to eat, drink, and be happy, renders it impossible to be otherwise; then, their known amiability, and liberal education, beauty, and dialect, which in my opinion renders them ten times more bewitching, so fascinates a man whose heart is not stuffed with cotton, and head crammed with bill-down—two months and two months, fourteen horse power, &c. &c. &c. that in their delightful parties, it is always too soon to go home; the English epicure, it must be acknowledged, may now and then perceive the refinement of his palate a little annoyed by lack of culinary talent: according to the proverb,—“God sends good things, but the devil sends cooks.”

Previous to my departure from Liverpool, my friends were kind enough to favour me with a few letters to their Glasgow friends, which they were led to think might serve me; amongst the rest I had one from Mr. Roscoe to a Mr. Ebenezer, in Glasgow. Now a letter from such an inestimable character, one would think bore some weight with it *any* where, more

particularly in an erudite country, nor would it be supposed that such a man would recommend an unworthy person; but with this gentleman, a pound of cotton twist would have outweighed it in interest. I delivered it, however, but was not favoured by any notice from him at that time; nevertheless, on my return, near eight months afterwards, I called and left my card, which not being an invoice or a remittance, still remained unnoticed. As a set-off, however, it should be taken into consideration, that Ebenezer had been lately elevated to the high and dignified state of *Kirk Elder*, and *Corporation Bailiff*, so that dignity of office, spiritual and temporal, had rendered callous every friendly and christian-like feeling. Most of my letters to this place met with the same fate.

My patience and my purse were nearly exhausted, and the *Rat* again began to nibble, when I received a pleasant invitation from Mr. Douglas, secretary to the Glasgow friends of the late *Charles James*

Fox, whose birth-day anniversary commemoration, was to be held the next day at the Black Bull.

The thing was flattering and pleasant, for though neither the eating nor the drinking had any charms for me, the *cause* had ; and several songs I had recently written for similar occasions, I well knew would render my company the more acceptable.

At the appointed hour, in respectable costume, I attended, and was received with a degree of cheering encouragement, highly flattering, because I conceived it a compliment to my political consistency, more than any talented demands I had upon their favour. It was pleasing to observe the spread and increase of liberal principles throughout Scotland. Sandy is well informed, but kens that the truth is not to be spoken at all times, yet occasionally it *will* out, and most undoubtedly at this dinner there was no lack of courage ; the truth was *boldly* spoken, and *well* spoken too. To behold upwards of a hundred of the most respectable and sci-

entific characters in the city of Glasgow assembled on an occasion of this kind, was truly gratifying, when a very few years ago, one-third of the number could not be found, who chose to make known their sentiments, restrained more by motives of prudence than patriotism.

Every thing went off as the generous heart could wish, no drunkenness, no squabbling, all was peace and rationality, and as the clock struck ten, I made my bow and mounted sixty-three steps to my lodgings, No. 2, Queen street. Where soon pillow reflection, brought again the nibbling *Rat*, for public applause is but an empty sound after all; and patriotic Hip, Hip, Hips, though pleasant, fill not the empty pocket. Somnus, however, soon put an end to my melancholy forebodings, which the morning sun entirely obliterated.

A Scotch breakfast is a good thing. Dr. Johnson, who loved good living, observed, " Give me a breakfast in Scotland, a dinner in England, and a supper in

France." The buttered rolls, the eggs, the excellent tea, the fin, and haddy, the clean cloth, and crockery, at eight in the morning were placed at my disposal.

And notwithstanding the reduced state of my finances, my spirits were good, and my appetite still better.

As I approached the table, I saw a fat looking letter addressed to me, and ere I opened it said in soliloquy—"Where dost thou come from, thou lusty lump of manufactured rags, thou canst not bear good tidings to me, for thou comest not from Parkgate."

But on breaking the seal, what was my astonishment, to find *Twelve Pounds* inclosed with these kind and friendly lines.

"A few of Mr. Romney's sincere friends, beg his acceptance of the inclosed, as a mark of respect due to his literary and convivial talents."

Who's afraid, said I, taking the room at three strides, and placing the notes in my empty pocket-book. Who after this, and many similar instances, will let their noble

courage be cast down. A *fig* for the *Rat* and a *fig* for *Ebenezer*.

Gratitude succeeded joy, and I sincerely thanked God, both for my Nanny and myself.

The reader will find, in the preceding volumes, many such providential escapes from surrounding difficulties, and I trust he will likewise find attached to each of them, a similar grateful acknowledgment.

CHAP. XXII.

In Tate Wilkinson's *Wandering Patentee*, he, in my opinion, takes up, to the annoyance of the generality of his readers, many pages of useless printing, in minute descriptions of his Theatres, his Company, his receipts, and the merits of his Performers, which can alone be interesting to Theatrical people, and indeed to them very little so.

I shall, therefore, pass over as quickly as possible, those things that I conceive uninteresting to my readers, though at the same time of considerable consequence to myself.

My empty-bellied pocket-book had, for the last fortnight, cut so meagre and lank an appearance, that the very sight of it became disgusting to me; but now, as it

lay on the table, sleek, plump, and aldermanic; my former disgust changed to awful respect, nay, even the red leather appeared more beautiful, and seemed to shine with uncommon lustre.

Oh man! man! what a strange compound art thou!—The rich rascal, in robes red or black, obtains more respect than virtuous merit in rags. An awkward, uncouth looking *Manchester* man, in the Travellers' room, coarse as his country in speech, inflated with self approbation, arrogant, illiterate, and choked with what he called loyalty, from being almost sent to Coventry, on account of the apparent vacuity of his mind and manners, became, in an instant, the idol of those who before despised him. Mr. *Cop's* health, with the *Manchester Magistrates*, was given in the most profound respect. His silly attempts at wit were highly applauded; his obscene stories, in the Lancashire dialect, obtained for him the title of *Tim Bobbin the Second*; in short, he became the *Alpha* and *Omega* of the whole company; and all

this arose from a whisper in a corner—
“ He’s worth not less than fifty thousand pounds!!!

Such is the world, nay, such indeed seems to be the bent of human nature; for with all my experience and insight into the motives that generally actuate mankind, and much as I despise worshipping the golden calf, I confess I frequently feel strongly impelled to pay more respect to a *rich* man than a *poor* one.

My full fed pocket-book conveyed a degree of importance, a sort of double “ Who’s afraid” spirit to its owner; for when poverty is kicked out of doors, vanity too often takes possession of the dwelling.

All difficulties having now been banished from my mind, by the kindness of my Glasgow friends, I began my Lectures with boldness, and with fully as much success as I had any reason to expect, so that another gladdening letter was dispatched to the fountain from whence my principal comfort flowed, and in a fort-

night I found myself in possession of the *mighty* sum of *fifty pounds* sterling!

A circumstance at this time took place, which as I think the reader will find interest in, I shall relate—more especially, as it will give me an opportunity of exposing the cruel and unfeeling conduct of ex-sheriff Parkins.

I was one evening informed by a friend, that an old decayed actor, formerly of some eminence, had for sixteen long years craved charity, seated at the door of a Glass-house at the foot of Jamaica street, in which he was for many years permitted to pass the night. A spirit of pity and condolence awakened a wish to see this man of miseries; but when told his name was Cuthell, surely, thinks I, this cannot be my old friend the manager, whom I met with at Newby-bridge, seven and thirty years ago.

The reader is referred for an account of that interview, to page 170, chap. 10th, in the first vol. of this work.

Determined to convince myself, I re-

paired to the Glass-house, and found it was the very same person.

The horrid state of mind I then experienced at first beholding a fellow-creature so altered, so naked, so forlorn, and so miserable, cannot be given on paper; however I then endeavoured, and the next morning the following appeal to the inhabitants made its appearance in the Glasgow Chronicle:

LETTER

To the Editor of the Glasgow Chronicle.

SIR,

“ From the independent principles of your Paper, and the well known liberality of your character, I am led to hope you will afford a place in the Chronicle to the following extract. I have no motive for this request, but a desire to serve one of the greatest objects of distress and commiseration I ever yet beheld.

“ About six weeks ago, I was informed that a poor man lay in the greatest poverty and distress in the Glass Manufactory, at the foot of Jamaica-street, whose name was Cuthell, and who formerly belonged to the stage; impressed with the idea that this might be the once dashing Manager, whom I encountered at Newby Bridge thirty-seven years ago, I repaired to the place,

Round an immense furnace, the heat of which was scarcely bearable, except to those to whom custom had rendered it so, the industrious workmen were labouring in their vocations, rendered visible only by its scorching light, for they literally obtained their bread by the sweat of the brow. These good people were kind, civil, and attentive ; more especially when they understood that the object of my search was their old friend, to whom, for many years, they had afforded an Asylum to shelter his hoary head from wind and weather, and perhaps occasionally to share with him a portion of their hard earnings. I was shown into a dark corner, apparently the reservoir for dust and rubbish—a place in which one would be led to think, no human creature could long exist, or in a Christian country be permitted to remain, where, by the light of a red hot bottle held by one of the men, I perceived a figure extended on filthy straw or chips, so wretchedly horrid in appearance, that the pen of a Shakspeare could scarcely find terms sufficiently strong to paint it : at the sound of his name, a figure scarcely human, rose on his seat nearly in a state of nudity, except an old waistcoat with sleeves, so torn, that the skin became perceptible in various places, having been shirtless for many years, whilst from his hips downwards there was nothing to protect his aged limbs from the weather, save an old mat, supplied, in all probability, by his only patrons the Glass-blowers—his clotted hair, of some years' growth, stood like the quills of the fretful porcupine, having changed its silver hue to charcoal black, from the smoke that continually

surrounded him, and the place in which he lay—the complexion too partook of the same paint, scarcely a feature to be seen, all was nearly black, except the white of the eye, which rolled about in amazement when I stretched out my hand, and called to his recollection the scene at Newby Bridge, Alas, alas ! thought I, for the business of reflection was at high change, and the heart was not a sleeping partner.—Great God ! is it possible ! what a falling-off was here—the gallant gay Lothario but the other day—the Manager of many years, and of many respectable Theatres—the Actor once possessed of personal and mental endowments, brought out under the auspices of the great Sheridan, father to the late Richard Brinsley—the man whom seven and thirty years ago I encountered full of life and levity ; healthy, hearty, and good-looking, now lies, less heeded and more degraded than a beast of the field, whilst those limbs which once were decked with golden blandishments, are now coverless, and cramped with cold ; and that goodly form, that through life had never known the want of refreshment, or withheld it from those who did, now in his sixty-sixth year, lacks nutriment to keep from cracking the fine spun cords of animal existence : where are now thy jokes and jibes which used to set the table in a roar ?—Out, out ! thou strumpet Fortune ! Such were my reflections, and many, many more. But as I mean to give the life of this singular character more at large, for the present let it suffice to say, that a fellow-creature, more wretched than I have described, now lies friendless and for-

lorn in the Glass-house above-mentioned. Let those who doubt it go and see ; certain I am, the case needs only to be known to be relieved, and this is my sole motive for troubling you, Sir, with this long, though, I trust, not uninteresting detail. The *Priest* may pass on the left hand, and the *Levite* on the right, but the true *Christian* will cover the body from the cold, and pour the oil of refreshing comfort into the wounds of want and wretchedness.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

S. W. RYLEY.

Glasgow, No. 2, Queen-street, March 13th, 1822."

This letter made some noise in the town. —“ Is it possible?—“ Poor old creature.” “ If he *was* a *Player*, that’s nae reason he should starve.” “ Was he ane o’ the Kirk?” “ I dinna ken. I doot he’s a wicked sinner, a chield o’ the deevil.” “ Hoot away, what have ye to do wi’ that mun? Look to yersel, and gang away, and gie the poor cratur a wee o’ yer siller.”

Such was the general conversation ; every one pitied, and every one advised the other to be charitable ; but a fortnight elapsed, and five shillings was the whole

my efforts were able to procure for him, from the *religious, evangelical*, and everlasting *Kirk* ganging inhabitants of the City of Glasgow.

With little red Bible, three times in a day,
Pious *Sandy* you'll meet to Kirk on his way.
The poor he will chide, with the rich he'll agree,
His beaver touch *twice*, but not *ance* his baubee.

My worthy Caledonian friends will not look upon this just chastisement to the then unfeeling inhabitants of Glasgow, as the general feeling of this country, by no means. Hospitality, charity, and good will towards one another I found generally prevail, and Ben, and But, and Bannock, are always at the wary-worn traveller's command, in the interior of Scotland, where they are not contaminated by cotton.

In about a week after this, having almost despaired of rendering any essential service to poor Lazarus, in the Glass-house, the Editor of the Glasgow Courier placed a letter in my hand he had just received

from the late Sheriff Parkins, inclosing a one-pound note for Cuthell. The contents of this letter, as far as they concerned the poor man, gave me pleasure, though some parts of it evinced a bad feeling towards the late Mr. Perry, of the Morning Chronicle, who, to my knowledge, was a man of a nobler disposition than cruelly to decoy a poor, aged, friendless cripple, whom he professed formerly to admire as an Actor, and respect as a man, into the expectation of a comfortable maintenance for life, and then break his promise, given under his own hand, leaving the unfortunate victim of his ostentatious liberality, in a worse state than when he found him.

The cheering contents of the Ex-Sheriff's letter led me to promote the removing of this now apparently happy old man, to a cheap lodging, with a poor relation at Greenock, where I conceived, in all probability, the remainder of his life, through the annual bounty of Mr. Parkins, might be rendered tolerably comfortable.

His beard, of sixteen years' growth,

reached half way down his body, nor would any persuasion of mine induce him to curtail it; and as he left the Glass-house, drawn upon a hurdle, by one of his old friends, the Glass-blowers, towards the steam-packet, for Greenock, he was surrounded by a loquacious mob, for truth to say, such a figure as poor Cuthell now exhibited, was seldom to be met with either in England, Scotland, or Wales. In this mob a drunken fish wife became too familiar, and after several times staggering against the two-wheel vehicle, making occasionally some facetious remarks, with no very tender hand seized his enormous beard, and shook his chin to the no small amusement of the auditors.

Now though the old man had lost the use of his lower extremities, his mind was strong, and vigorous as ever; and having dramatic phrases at his tongues' end, he, with wonderful strength, threw off his drunken antagonist, exclaiming, "Off, Off, thou filthy hag—being gone, Richard is himself again."

I shall now copy the Sheriff's letter, the former part of which, I must confess, led me to think, in spite of calumny, that some latent sparks of feeling were rekindled in his mind, and had his conduct been Christian-like to Cuthell, this disgraceful letter should not have appeared.

To the Editor of the Courier.

Messrs. W. REID & Co. at the Cross, Glasgow.

April 30th, 1824.

“ SIR,

“ It is with feelings easier described than expressed, I have read an extract of a letter from a Mr. S. W. Ryley, (the author of the Itinerant) The account that he has given of the distressed situation of “Cuthell the Actor” is truly horrible, and its being allowed to exist, is disgraceful to human nature. I knew poor Cuthell in his plentitude, when manager of a company of Players at Carlisle, and with whom, though a boy at the time, forty years ago, I was a great favourite, more particularly his daughter-in-law Mrs. Hamilton, who was called a good actress in her time, and who on many occasions took me with her to see them perform, and when I have beheld with delight, the elegant Cuthell perform the part of Alexander the Great, Mrs. H. in Rozina, at which time Mr. Perry, the late proprietor of

the Morning Chronicle, acted in subordinate situations, receiving a few shillings a-week for doing the drudgery of the stage, which was in a tithe-barn, and which, if I am not mistaken, being a *Barber*, he used to gain a few additional pence, by shaving and dressing the rest of the Thespian Corps; who, changing his profession for a more *profitable*, but I conceive a much less honourable one, a newsmonger and political *party* hack, died the other day, possessed of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds; with a soul so *narrow* and *mean*, that he complained to me a short time before his death of great pecuniary distress and losses, sustained by an unprofitable speculation in building a large flour mill, and some factories down at Merton; the supposed *poverty*, but *real avarice*, of this trumpeter and trumpeted hero of Whigs, induced him to be guilty of the following act of unmanly base meanness, he having jointly with another, equally unworthy of the name of *man*, kept a mistress at Brighton in common between them.

“Now to conclude. Perry’s Paper, the Morning Chronicle, has been valued at, or sold for forty thousand pounds, and with other property, he is said to have died worth upwards of one hundred thousand pounds!—What a contrast is here, between him and his former master Cuthell, once possessed of personal and mental endowments, and brought out as an actor, under the auspices of the great Sheridan! and now, poor man, dragging out a miserable existence, lying friendless and forlorn in a Glass-house, at the foot of Jamaica-street, in Glasgow. On receiving the above information, I went

to the Morning Chronicle Office, and told them this sad tale of distress, of their late master's master! and requested them to inform me to whom I could write at Glasgow to administer relief, but without obtaining any satisfactory answer. I applied to Mr. Taylor, of the Sun Evening Paper, who, with great politeness and humanity recommended me to apply to you, to take the trouble to inquire into the case of the unfortunate Mr. Cuthell, and to present him with the inclosed one pound note, and to inform him that I shall send him *seven shillings* a week during the remainder of *his life*, and shall be glad to hear from you, sir, the earliest opportunity; and, if it is not too much trouble, to ask Mr. Cuthell if Perry ever contributed any pecuniary sustenance to him; as also what station Perry occupied in the *Drama*; and if he paid him any wages; what were the amount of them when he belonged to his company; as well as any other information respecting Mr. Perry's first walk in Life? Excuse the liberty, and I beg the favour of yours, directed to me, the late Sheriff of London, and

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

J. W. PARKINS.

10, *New Bridge-street, London.*

When I first read the above letter, I was led to harbour doubts of the writer's sanity, there was so much inconsistency in

his boasted strong feelings of humanity for Cuthell, and his strong, malignant desire to vilify the character, and rake up the ashes of a deceased friend.

To sum up all in as few words as possible, on my return to Glasgow twelve months afterwards, I found the Ex-Sheriff had withdrawn his protection from poor Cuthell soon after my departure, under the poor and pitiful pretence that he had been deceived by my letter, and that Cuthell was not the object of distress I had represented him.

I likewise learned that he had requested a respectable merchant in Glasgow to inquire into the business. I waited upon this gentleman, whose name is Chipchase, who having taken a journey to Greenock, for the purpose of visiting Cuthell, informed me that he found him in so truly a wretched state, that to supply the poor man with a few necessaries to keep out the winter's cold, he drew upon his purse, before he left the town, for five pounds, and

from that moment gave up any further concerns with Parkins.

But all this had no effect upon the *tender* heart of [the Sheriff. In vain I attacked his reason and his feelings by letter, private and public: he favoured me not with an answer, but employed Mr. Taylor, of the Sun Paper-office, to reply, and make the best excuse he could for the defalcation of this would-be great man.

In twelve months, according to the annuity promised by Parkins, of seven shillings per week, Cuthell should have received eighteen pounds, whereas he had received only *three*!

So much for *sham* feelings and *bombastic* benevolence. The stories about poor Irish Byrnes, the collection at the dinner, &c. which formerly I gave no credit to, I now find a ready place for in my belief. So farewell to the ex ex ex Sheriff. I have done with *him*, but not with Cuthell; for having taken his curious history, from his own mouth, I mean, if I live, to give it to

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the public. This subject has long been painful to me, and I find a pleasure in concluding with the acknowledgment of the receipt of two pounds from Mr. Birkett, of Clock-lane, London, for Cuthell, which has been punctually paid into his hands.

CHAP. XXIII.

Having thus become a monied man, I prepared for to commence my tour through the interior of Scotland, and accordingly made some little addition to my wardrobe, which, however low my finances, was always respectable, for I never yet could afford to go shabby.

As I had entered into an engagement with Mr. Rider, the worthy Manager of the Aberdeen Theatre, to exhibit with him a few nights, and as he requested I should take a part in the regular Drama, on the last night, in the character of *Sir Peter Teazle*, although I had long since declined acting, I agreed to his proposal, and took a place in the Mail for Aberdeen, having purchased a new wig for the occasion, which the hair-dresser delayed so long,

that I only received it as I was stepping into the coach. Placing it, therefore, in a hurry into my great-coat pocket, I thought no more of it, till a circumstance brought it into notice in a way not over pleasant to my feelings.

On the road to Aberdeen I slept at Perth, and in the morning took my place in the coach as soon as day-light appeared, my fellow-passengers consisting of a young man respectable in appearance, two well-dressed ladies, his sisters, and a primitive looking lank-haired man in black, who hung out the sign of his profession so legibly, that one might run and read Fanatic in his face. The gentleman and his sisters were, I afterwards understood, of noble extraction, being the son and daughters of a lord in the neighbourhood, and the Minister a Reverend Divine in their vicinity.

All this I learned from the Guard, a man of some information and much civility. Very little general conversation passed during the first stage, but a most excellent breakfast, in which the Scotch so much

excel, seemed to exhilarate all parties.— We were again seated, and the Guard on the point of closing the door, when a poor woman, with a half-starved infant in her arms, presented herself, and said in a plaintive pleasing Scotch accent, said, “An ye can spare a wee trifle, for the Lord’s sake. Poor Wolly’s a-most famished, and i’ gude truth I ha’ not a bawbee to buy him a bannock.”

The dear girls, “for tenderness formed,” took out handsome purses, and as their little white hands seemed busily in quest of something for the poor woman, I inwardly blessed them; but the holy man, with a pious intent, no doubt, to prevent indiscriminate succour to undeserving individuals, as he observed, put his fanatical face forward, and in a menacing tone, exclaimed, “Gang about yer business, paupers, respectable families are not to be fashed by sic as ye.” The young man of noble blood, and what is far better, of noble *soul*, silenced for a moment the *pious* Minister’s *tender* feelings. “Stop a lit-

tle, if you please, sir ; I am not inclined to turn a deaf ear to the distresses of my fellow-creatures, although I have no doubt, Reverend sir, your motives are just, and the fear of encouraging imposture, prevents that relief which you otherwise would be the first to bestow.”—(Likely, thought I.) “ I entertain no such fears,” continued the young gentleman, “ the creature appears in a state of absolute starvation ; so ladies put up your purses, I’ll relieve the poor woman.” “ Stop, sir,” said I, “ permit me to join in the good cause ; I do not feel myself *fashed* by the application of this good woman and her helpless infant ; on the contrary, I am proud of the opportunity of relieving them.” Five silver shillings were now handed through the window, a sum seldom seen—a mint of money to this poor creature, who, in pleasing astonishment looked at the silver, then into the coach, then at the money again, and dropping a curtsy to the very ground, whilst the tear of gratitude trickled down her cheeks, with a look such as cannot be de-

scribed, faintly exclaimed, "The Lord Almighty bless you."—Heavenly benediction, worth a million of this Parson's prayers, thought I, and wrote in my common-place book,

When you gather pennies for the starving poor,
Call not on the *Parson*, though he live next door.

The Kirk Minister, feeling himself a little shagreened that his advice had been so little heeded by a part of his congregation, began to hold forth upon the injuries that mistaken humanity often brought upon the morals of mankind. "True," replied one of the ladies, with an arch look, "but you seem to guard yourself pretty well, sir, against this mistaken feeling." "Our Pastor," said the young man, is doubtless enabled, by spiritual aid, to form a better judgment of character than we novices in the art of dissimulation, which acts as a guard against his giving way to imprudent feelings on these occasions." "Exactly, just so, yer right, sir," replied the Minister, who perceived not the strength of the

young man's satire. "For according to the auld proverb, I can see intul a mill-stane as far as he that picks it. Noo I'll just say, that it's two to ane the sinfu body that ye ha' been encouraging the noo, is a chield o' Satan, and the bairn she was hugging about wi her, was a base-begotten bastard, ane of Beelzebub's new-born de'ils."

I could plainly perceive by their looks that this ignorant bigot's unfeeling harangue, was not altogether approved of by his friends, and they purposely gave the conversation another turn.

"The Edinburgh Theatre is uncommonly well attended, sir." "So I understand, ma'am; *Rob Roy* has been very successful." "The de'il is always too successful, sir," replied the fanatic, looking at me, as if he knew my profession. "I wonder the legislature will permit these flagrant abominations, and loud-crying sins." "The season has been very productive to the Manager——." "The de'il's a gude to his ain."

"Surely, sir, you don't call the witnes-

sing a dramatic performance a *sin*?" replied one of the ladies. "If so, what will become of me and my sister here; for the night before last, we sat with great pleasure to see Rob Roy in Edinburgh, and we are not the worse for it, I believe."

"Exactly, Miss, exalted personages, like yersels, and yer noble brother, who, from high birth and liberal education, are capable of discriminating between good and evil, but discrimination is not given to the vulgar and uninformed. 'Deep waters are harmless to those who can swim, but the untaught plunge in and are drowned.'"

"You mean to say, sir," observed the young gentleman, "that people of rank and property, or as you are pleased to style them, exalted personages, may commit sin with impunity, whilst, according to your doctrine, the lower classes are to be punished everlastingly for the same crime." "Ah, my dear sir, ye dunna ken the right meaning of my words; ye have gude sense, a goodly person, a noble family, and gude

fortune, but divine inspiration is yet to come, by which these things are spiritually discerned." "Then," replied the young man archly, "it was by this spiritual discernment you found out that the poor woman was a prostitute, and her unoffending infant a bastard,—a sort of saving grace to your pocket."

"Just so, Sir, your right, (for still he felt not the satire) now I'll put a case. To absent from the Kirk, ye ken, is a muckle evil, and great skaith tul a puir body, but na so great i' persons o' respectability; the puir ignorant and uninformed lack instruction, but the superior faculties of well taught minds needs na sic muckle spiritual information; and all the benefits o' the Kirk, or at least a great part of them, may be received from contemplation and scripture searching, even i' your ain study."

"But what has all this to do with Plays and Players? Suppose now I was a Player, what would you think of me?" "Ah, my gude sir, dunna degrade yer noble family by sic a vile supposition; what would I

think of ye, sir? Why I wouldna sit a moment in sic company. What would I think of ye, sir? I'd think ye a chield o' the de'il, provided before the beginning o' time, *preordained* to everlasting destruction. Ye ken, sir, how I drove the vagabonds oot of oor village, and Sandy Ferguson complained o' the loss of five poonds for the rent o' his barn, but what o' that, said I, Sandy, ye have *five hundred* laid up i' Heaven." "Yes; but when Sandy came to pay his rent, he was sadly deficient, poor fellow, and if on *earth* he could have drawn a part of the five hundred, just for present use, it would have kept him out of jail."

"Ah, my gude sir, ye ken there is no joking wi' serious subjects; depend upon it the Drama and the Devil are i' partnership."

"Nay, now sir, I think your holy zeal carries you too far," said one of the ladies, "not that I wish to justify the characters of Players in general; they are a sort of people one likes to see at a distance, but

no person of respectability would wish to associate with people of that description."

The unpleasantness of my situation at this moment may be more easily conceived than expressed; and if I had entertained an idea that my profession was known, I should certainly have thought this last sentence levelled at me. But that I conceived impossible; no one knows me, and it is not my interest to inform them.

The last sentence was scarcely whispered in my mind when the coach stopped at the village of *Glames* for change of horses. To stretch our legs a little, the young man and myself alighted. "Your Minister, I think, Sir, is a little violent against the disciples of Thespis."

"Why yes, sir, he knows little of the world, his notions are narrow and contracted, but being a sound Theologian, and a strict disciplinarian, one is apt to look over his prejudices, although to tell you the truth, I am rather of his opinion with regard to Theatrical performances in general, and the conduct of

Players in particular; they are frequently immoral characters, of low origin, the off-scourings of society, and are only noticed by those who are as dissipated and unprincipled as themselves."

I conclude every liberal minded person, and for such I only write, or respect, on perusing the foregoing scene, will feel for my situation. I had frequently during the last hour found my gall rising to my lips, but a fear of forfeiting that respect which I had met with from the whole party, thanks, perhaps, to my tailor, by defending my former profession, hitherto kept me silent.

For the Calvinist Priest I cared less than little, expecting nothing from him but meanness, sycophantism, and illiberality. But to find this noble-minded, and in other respects, liberal, young man, at the bottom as much prejudiced and Priest ridden as an inhabitant of John-o'-Groat's house, bore down all prudence, and I was on the point of making a long, and perhaps, unpleasant reply to this sprig of nobility,

when—a loud laugh amongst the hostlers and servants at the Inn door, drew our attention towards the coach; the ladies too, nay even the sanctified retailer of reprobation, could not avoid relaxing his rigid muscles, and all this seemed to arise from the strange, burlesque, gesticulation, and pompous strutting of the Guard, who, in a white wig, brandishing his horn by way of truncheon, displayed considerable humour, and produced whimsical stage-effect; and I enjoyed the joke as well as the rest. But what was my surprise, for when the man turned his back, I beheld, to my astonishment and sorrow, the individual silk *rosett*, or bag, belonging to my newly purchased *Sir Peter Teazle's Wig*, so that all their merriment had been produced at my expence, which, believe me, was no very pleasant discovery.

This circumstance, silly as it may appear, threw me into considerable embarrassment, and that which was a good joke to others, became in an instant a matter of serious concern to me, an exposure of my

profession, for which the whole of the passengers had expressed such unfavourable opinions, now must take place, and in the most mortifying manner. What was to be done? the wig had slipped out of my great coat pocket, as I came out of the coach; to own it, would render me a laughing stock to the servants, and the contempt of my fellow passengers. To leave it unnoticed, would be attended with pecuniary loss, and some inconvenience; however, I could come to no decision; the horn sounded, and the Guard, as he held the door requested to know if the bag wig he had found near the coach, belonged to any of the passengers? “No, by no means,” was exclaimed by every one except myself, “Very well,” replied the facetious Guard, replacing the wig on his head, which, with his round gold-laced hat and red coat, cut altogether a most formidable appearance. Then strutting about, he continued, “I’ll wear it myself, I’m an exalted character, a guardian of the public, and I have as much right to appear in *dis-*

guise as any *Bishop* or *Judge* in the kingdom of England. All's right, drive on—I'll astonish the weak minds of the Forfar citizens, I'll be bound."—Away went the coach, amid the acclamations of the Villagers, and the great amusement of all but myself.

"Did you ever see such a figure, brother?"—"The man's a humourous character it must be confessed; why, Reverend Sir, it even made you laugh."—"Exactly, just so, yer right, Sir, I was betrayed intul a wee bit of unchristianlike levity, by the folly of these unthinking worldings; but the evil spirit is now departed."—My mind being fully employed in forming schemes to retrieve Sir Peter Teazle's principal ornament, I paid very little attention to what passed, but as we entered Forfar, the laughing and shouting of the Forfarite "wordlings" again awakened our attention, and when I alit from the coach as the horses were changing, pretending jocularly, I offered the Guard half-a-crown for his nightcap, as he called it. "No sooner said than done, Sir," re-

plied the Guard, and I in secret replaced the wig in my pocket.

At this moment a dashing Dandy from town having taken an out-side place for Aberdeen, with immense whiskers, box coat and capes, mounted by the side of the Coachman, and familiarly addressed the Guard with "*Ha, how did ye come?*" "How did I come, Sir? why, by the mail to be sure, how should I come?"

The Dandy then took the reins from the Coachman, and shewed great four-in-hand skill, by smacking his whip, giving the go whistle, "come up ye beggars," &c. &c.

His driving, however, being more expeditious than safe, caused some alarm to the passengers within, and the Kirk Minister exhibited evident signs of none resignation to the will of providence, which was considerably increased, when our Dandy driver coming in contact with an immense sow, found the poor thing so entangled amongst the horses' feet that he was obliged to draw up, exclaiming, "*Ha, how did ye come, Grunty?*"—The young lord all this time

shewed not much alarm, being probably used to the same work himself, whilst I, though not apprehensive of much danger to passengers within, having been frequently upset without any injury, fostered an evil spirit of enjoyment at the embarrassment of the lank-haired disciple. With much feeling, the young nobleman, innocently conceiving the whole to have been produced, perhaps, by a periodical disorder, inquired if he was accustomed to these unpleasant attacks. "Exactly, just so, yer right, sir, I am frequently exercised bodily; ane's sins must be purged oot, ane way or another, ye ken."

"Yes, sir," replied I, "if one may judge by one's nasal feelings, the gentleman must be *manured* to it." Although this pun was lost on the black disciple, the other took it with a smile. Every jolt changed the colour of his complexion, and instead of keeping himself seated as still as he could, he first shifted to one side, then the other, lifting his hands, then sighing

and turning up his eyes ; at last he requested the young lord to use his interest with the coachman to stop a few minutes, for he was very much indisposed. The truth of which was perceptible to our olfactory nerves ; and when the reverend Pastor alit, we found it necessary to do the same, by way of permitting the foul vapours to escape.

After waiting a considerable time, during which, the monopolizer of capes and whiskers on the coach box, exercised his London wit at the expense of the black *Yankey Doodle*, as he styled the indisposed gentleman, in not the most decent language.

At last he made his appearance, and his pale visage indicated recent affliction, either mental or corporeal, perhaps both ; but before he entered the coach, he attempted to harangue the Bond-street Buck on his presumptuous mode of driving, more wicked than “Jehu, the son of Nimshi, that made Israel to sin.” The exalted sinner, whilst looking with a

smile of contempt down upon the humble saint, "*Ha, how did ye come, Lankey? per water-closet, I suppose, from Stinka-malin,*" then making a cut or two at him with his whip, the poor predestinarian was *fated* to take shelter in the coach:

This caused a general laugh, which I was wicked enough not to grieve at; whilst the young lord, unused to any thing but passive obedience and non-resistance to a minister of the Kirk, persuaded the affrighted disciple to remain quiet in the coach, and seated himself at as great a distance as possible, for certain exhalations were still perceptible.

At the next stage a dinner being prepared, cooked, *A la Scotland*, we all sat down, except the gentleman in black, whose indisposition had rendered him unfit for company.

The Dandy, with great impatience, seated himself at the head of the table; when taking off the first cover, and observing a fine goose, exclaimed, "*Ha, how did*

ye come? per waiter, I suppose. I am glad to see you, my old boy, I'll anatomize thee as sure as sage and onions are in thy belly. So here goes, gently my boys, all regular." To work he went, but on opening the body, two large whole white looking onions, sage being seldom used in Scotland, came tumbling out; on observing this, he threw down his knife and fork, and rising from the table, exclaimed, "All *Scotch* Cooks ought to be *crucified*." Then calling for half a dozen *hard* boiled eggs, he roared out "Spoil *them* if you can and be d—n—d to ye." There were likewise, some fine boiled Haddock, but as fish sauce is not often called for in that country, our London feaster, could not relish fish and salt *only*. I confess I was just in the same predicament, although my attention was chiefly engrossed by the whimsicality of this singular character.

The dinner being ended, of which the young nobleman eat heartily, for custom

is every thing, a short time was allowed for a speedy glass of wine.

“Did you observe that ill-looking devil driver, sir, that had the mully grubs—he’s in the other room? why do ye know, he began to lecture me about my whip knowledge. If he gives me any more of his slang, I’ll quilt him.—The young lord repeated the word “quilt him,” and looked at me for an explanation; but though I well knew his meaning, I chose to plead ignorance; the horn at that moment called every one to his post, and as we went, I informed this eccentric young man, that the person he sat next at dinner, was the son of a nobleman—“Is he, by——? I do love a lord,—I’ll have a shy at him the next stage.”

The reverend gentleman had taken his place before we arrived, and seemed considerably refreshed, having indulged himself in the kitchen with some *Kale*, in preference to the rich and more expensive viands, prepared for the “worldling passengers; nay, the pious landlady, finding

her house blessed with the presence of this holy man, with true national affection for the cloth, presented him with his soup *gratis*.—

We had not travelled many miles over an excellent road, *A la M'Adam*, when our Pilot suddenly drew up, and exclaimed as usual, "*Ha, how did ye come, my old hero? per stump I suppose.*" On looking out, our attention was attracted by a venerable old soldier, clean and neat, in worn-out regimentals, hobbling at a slow pace on a *wooden leg*; his hat was soon off in a supplicating posture, and his silver hairs flowed in the wind. "I'm an old soldier, yer honor, going to Aberdeen to receive my pension." "And what do they stand, eh, old one?" "Seven pounds ten a year, yer honor." "About three shillings a week for a wooden leg, eh,—there's honor for you." "Why if I had as many legs as there are Lobsters in Billingsgate, they shouldn't have one of mine for any such price;" "Here," continued he, throwing down three shillings, "here's

a week's pay." "Nay, no bother, don't honor me, I've no honor at all—so jump up my hearty, and I'll frank you to Aberdeen. *All regular*, go it, my *ratlers*, gee up," &c. &c. The poor man, not being permitted to say a word, nevertheless smiled a strong sense of gratitude, and whispering "God bless yer honor," with assistance mounted the top.

The spiritual tormentor, surprised and shagreened at conduct so contrary to his own, now conceiving he had a fair opportunity of giving vent to his feelings, observed, "That daft chield o' destruction keeps me in jeopardy every hour,—when *holy Paul* fought with *Beasts* at *Ephesus*, he had not such a brute as this to contend with; I declare, if I am spared until I reach *Aberdeen* the civil magistrates shall give me redress—It's not to be endured, that serious characters are to be treated in such a disgraceful manner." "Why he has no more feeling for me than you had for the poor woman on the road and her innocent child," replied I. In short,

I could contain myself no longer, my patience was quite exhausted, and though it might displease the young nobleman, which to avoid, I had long remained silent, I could carry on no longer this detestible system of hypocrisy, by tacitly agreeing to the fanatical nonsense, and tyrannical opinions of this *soul* and *body* tormenting bigot.

Unused to opposition, from any one but his *wife*, particularly as I had by silence so long assented, as he thought to his opinions, this retort threw him into a wordless gaze of astonishment; first he looked at his honorable seat-holder, then at me, took out his Hymn-book, and was silent.

A long pause ensued, and I began to consider whether I had not imprudently, overstepped the bounds of gentlemanly conduct in this abrupt reply. Reflection, however, convinced me, that though the language might be too harsh, the sentiment was just; and, as I had thus boldly dashed into the colloquial stream, I determined to swim on independent of any assistance; accordingly, I addressed the young lord,

as though he were an unprejudiced observer of men and manners.

“It is an astonishing thing, sir, and highly inconsistent, that many who call themselves Christians, and are most ardent and zealous in their professions, are frequently more hardened and steeled to those feelings of commiseration, for the distress of their fellow creatures, so often commanded by the great Author of our religion, than those who are strangers to its glorious principles.

“What a severe and just chastisement is given to the Priesthood on this account, in the beautiful parable of the good Samaritan.

“The Priest passed to the right hand, &c.” turning a deaf ear to the cries of his wounded neighbour in the ditch, with just as little christian feeling as this gentleman, I fear, beheld the poor old soldier just now, who was so nobly relieved by the child of destruction on the coach-box; and, I am led to think, sometimes it happens, that instead of promoting the tempo-

ral welfare of their neighbours, the Priesthood too often combine against it.

“ Witness the host of opponents that worthy Philanthropist, Mr. Owen, of New Lanark, has had to contend with, the Menzies—the Lambs,—the M’Gavins, &c. and all because two thousand people have lived happily together for upwards of 20 years, in Mr. Owen’s excellent establishment. Whilst these black Sheep hurdle together, with *Bellwether Menzies* at their head, if possible to make them *miserable*, by painting deity through the horrid doctrine of *Calvin*, in colours as black as themselves.”

Here I paused—the young man was silent, but looked as if he could not help it, and I began to fear, I had gone too far with the Minister, for his countenance indicated a relapse of his former indisposition, a circumstance of no pleasant anticipation; however, after putting up his red Hymen book, and settling himself in his seat, which was rather ominous, he prepared with tremulous tones to reply—“ The inspired Prophet says.” But what he says,

we never became acquainted with, for the coach stopped to change horses, and put an end to the discussion.

Here we parted with the young nobleman and the dandy ; the former on a visit to a gentleman's seat in the neighbourhood, and the latter to attend a Fox hunt in the same direction. The young gentleman's amiable disposition and suavity of manners, notwithstanding his prejudices, caused me to regret his departure ; and the dashing driver had won my heart, notwithstanding his folly, by his noble conduct to the old soldier.

The Mail holding only four, there was of course a vacancy, which was soon occupied by two respectable, though primitive looking old ladies, on their way to *Aberdeen*, and as they wished to sit together, I, much against my will, seated myself by the side of the holy man.

Now, it is well known amongst the Priesthood, that the credulity of the softer sex, more especially in the decline of life, is frequently found useful ; a canting con-

versation soon took place, between the Sisters and Brother in the Spirit, who, looking upon the old ladies as a capital reinforcement, whereby he might be more successfully enabled to commence verbal hostilities with me, he prepared his vocal artillery for a fulminating discharge, and was recommencing about “the Inspired Prophet,” when a lady, requested a seat in the coach to *Aberdeen*, from which we were now about three miles. Both inside and out were full, and the rain, though not heavy, was incessant—she was young, well dressed, and handsome, yet none of these attractions had power to move the *leadened-hearted* Saint or his *scantified* Sisters, the tomb stone of *Thomas a Becket* would have had a greater effect; in vain I requested them, to accommodate the young lady for so short a distance, by permitting her to squeeze in amongst us—*Oh no*,—neither the weather, the facinating figure, or my entreaty, could prevail on these rocks of reprobation to bate a morsel of their brutality.

“ You’r a set of unfeeling *wretches*,” exclaimed I, buttoning up my coat at the same time, jumping out of the coach, and taking the young lady by the hand—
“ Madam, I’ve left in that coach two *cross old Cats*, and a *Caledonian Crocodile*.

“ Permit me, to request you will do me the honor to take my place, and endeavour, by the persuasive eloquence of your eyes, to awe the brutes into good behaviour”—“ But what will become of you, sir?”
“ Madam, I’ll walk, it is but three miles, my umbrella will keep off the rain, and the pleasure of having rendered you a service, will make the passage pleasant. With the greatest difficulty, I at last persuaded her to accept my offer, and when I had closed her in, a graceful inclination of the head, accompanied by a smile of fascinating sweetness, amply repaid me for a muddy road and drizzling atmosphere.

The coach of course arrived before me, but so grateful was this amiable girl, for what she pleased to style uncommon po-

liteness, that instead of returning home, she awaited my arrival at the Coach-office, and the moment I made my appearance, kindly holding out her hand as she left the place, "Sir," said she, "your behaviour bespeaks the gentleman, and I am quite certain my father will make his most grateful acknowledgments to you, for the kind attention you have bestowed on his daughter."

I was afterwards informed, that this lady was the daughter of a respectable tradesman in town.—This is lucky, the respectable tradesman may prove a useful friend, and the interest of a fashionable handsome girl, amongst her respectable connexions, may aid my success, in a place where I'm unknown to every one, except the manager of the Theatre.

However, all these sanguine hopes and flattering expectations were soon blasted, for as I sat at breakfast next morning, the waiter brought me the following singular note, from the young lady's father :

“ SIR,

“ I esteem it a duty, to return you my sincere acknowledgments, for your polite attention to my daughter’s health and safety yesterday, on her way to Aberdeen; and, I feel it a matter of real regret, that it is not in my power to shew you, in my own house, those marks of gratitude and respect that your kind conduct so justly merits. But, being an *Elder* of the *Kirk*, and understanding your profession is the *Stage*; I consider it an insurmountable obstacle in the way of further communication, however desirable, between a person of such a calling, and

Sir,

With the highest respect,

Yours, &c.”

Oh! Bigotry, thou noxious weed of pestilential growth; thou canker-worm of brotherly-love and christian charity, how long wilt thou be permitted to fret and feed the foolish minds of men, and make them mar each other’s happiness.

What a horrid thing to exist in a place where half the community conceive the others shut out from any part or parcel of God’s mercies, whilst they themselves are the privileged people, exonerated from

serving their neighbours, if they happen unfortunately not to be in their way of theological thinking.

My success in this truly dismal place, which might have appeared pleasanter, perhaps, had I been more fortunate, by no means answered my expectation. Ten pounds only for three nights' mental drudgery, is but a poor remuneration for a journey of near two hundred miles, and rather reduced than increased the portly presence of my pocket-book. However, the *Rat* was still kept at a distance, for as yet there was plenty of shot in the locker, and who could tell what the next town might produce?

There is an excellent Billiard-table in Aberdeen, and respectably attended. I called in one evening, and was immediately accosted with, "*Ha, how did you come, per mail, eh? Well, how's old brimstone, the Parson? I'd a shy at the young lord—met at the hunt—dine with him to-morrow.*"

The old soldier's business had given me

such an opinion of this young man's generous disposition, that notwithstanding his singular habits, I felt a strong prejudice in his favour; for I always consider a feeling and a generous heart, so bright a gem, that though the diamond was buried in filth, I'd delve through a dunghill to find it.

We were soon very gracious, and having seated myself beside him, was sorry to find him venturing considerable sums upon every game, and having frequently observed the underhand tricks and scandalous advantages that are sometimes taken by the experienced over the uninformed, and this frequently done by otherwise respectable people, I began to fear this stranger might not have fair play. Two gentlemen will play together, a stranger comes in, and wagers a pound with one of them; the consequence is, that the person backed by the stranger, however superior in play to his antagonist, loses the game, and in private the parties divide the money, which I call worse than

highway robbery. I soon found that this game was now playing off in full force upon this unsuspecting green-horn.

What was to be done?—A victim I felt determined he should no longer remain. But how to give him a caution, without involving myself? At last I hit upon a scheme—I shook hands, wished him a good night, left the room, and in a short time, having described him to a servant, requested he might be informed a lady wished to speak to him immediately. In a moment he was in the lobby—I held up my hand, in token of silence, and in a low voice thus addressed him :

“ You are a pigeon—I know it.—A victim to conspiracy.—The man whom you are betting against, although he loses, can give the other half the game.—It is a partnership business, and they go halves in the spoil. Let me advise you to be off as soon as possible, or however you came *into* the room, you’ll go *out* of it with empty pockets.”

Grateful for the intelligence, he would

have replied, but taking him by the hand I requested he would return, lest suspicion might arise, and took my leave. I mention this matter, not only as a caution to youth, but because from this simple circumstance, some time afterwards, arose an incident of some importance to my welfare.

CHAP. XXIV.

Ever sanguine in the worst of times, flattering myself that better soon would follow, I now looked forwards towards the beautiful town of Montrose, where, having a few letters of introduction, I concluded once more to try their effect.

Leaving Aberdeen without much regret, and without having it in my power to communicate any very pleasing intelligence to my Cottage, at Parkgate, I arrived at this elegant little town. Its beautiful situation led me not to repent my journey, and the reported liberality of its inhabitants, awakened in my mind a flattering hope that a few days in this charming place might be spent both pleasantly and profitably. Nor was I deceived, for I found the people kind, hospitable, and well-informed in most

things except Theology. Steer clear of that subject, which they always leave *tul* the Minister, and they'll "sit round the table, well content, and steer about the toddy," till they are foo at twelve o'clock on Saturday night, and rise piously on Sunday morning, to listen to three anathematizing sermons, each an hour and a half long. For Sandy's lugs require a long sacerdotal syringe *once* a week, or they wax full of whiskey and wickedness.

There were at least six different London travellers at the Inn, and the first evening passed off in a rational and pleasant manner, for amongst men of such general knowledge of the world, it frequently happens that information, both pleasant and instructive, is to be met with, provided tempers are congenial, but this is not always the case; an instance to the contrary happened the following morning.

While we were at breakfast, a traveller arrived in a stylish gig, box-coat capes, bear-skin carpets, &c. and gave early intelligence of his important arrival, by loud

vociferations in the lobby, before he entered the room. He was one of those "fat sleek fellows," that "sleep o' nights," though he took pretty good care no one near him should sleep in the day, as the waiters could witness—pompous, high, and mighty in demeanour, he called about him, in a tone of authority, truly dignified, whilst his frequent attendance on the large pier-glass, over the chimney-piece, seemed to say he was on excellent terms with himself.

Although there were a few of us at breakfast, he noticed no one, but strutted about with his hat on, calling for various things to be brought in for breakfast, and found fault with all.

I made several attempts to draw him into conversation—the weather, the harvest, the funds, &c. but nothing would do; his valuable attention was not to be withdrawn from the *Courier* paper, which he perused with true legislatorial dignity.—Ordered a boiled chicken for dinner, in a separate apartment.—Did not approve of public rooms at all.

Happening to pass the kitchen, about one o'clock, I observed the Cook killing a large cock. "Is that for the Ordinary, Cook?" "Na, sir, it's for that pricking dainty, Swankey, wi his clishma-claver and daft clack aboot chuckens at this time o' year, ye ken, sir, a foul's a muckle chucking at five years' old; why, sir, he's just as much gumshon, I'm thinking, as daf Jemmy, to gar me to kill the old cock; but they are not aw saints, ye ken, that get holy water."

The Cook was much put out of her way by this ill-to-please Rider,—or most certainly a chicken at that time of year could not easily be procured, and an old cock, of five years' old, killed about two hours before it was to be eaten, would revenge upon the Rider's teeth the trouble he had given with his tongue—a proper punishment, which had the effect; for I afterwards understood, that in fruitless attempts to masticate the old chicken, he became so completely mortified that he left the

house in a huff, and took up his quarters at another Inn.

As I found letters of introduction, to whoever they were addressed, had in this country no effect, I presented one in person to a principal shopkeeper in the town, who, on perusing the letter from his friend in Aberdeen, paid me much attention, and proved one amongst the many instances I met with, of Scotch hospitality.

How disgusting it is to find a pompous, inflated fool carrying every thing with a high and tyrannical hand, domineering over poor servants at an Inn, and the next hour, perhaps, cringing and fawning to every shopkeeper in town.

This was, however, literally the case, and luckily I enjoyed the happy opportunity of aiding in the mortification of the aforesaid pompous, would-be great man.

I happened to call in the shop belonging to the gentleman, whose politeness I have noticed above, and found this haughty solicitor of orders quite shop submissive,—

Swatches unopened on the counter—hat beside them, and fancy he had stood there some time ; therefore being determined to repay, in his own coin, passed him without notice.

In compliance with the gentleman's request to step round to him behind the counter, he there began some friendly inquiries, and ended in a polite invitation to dinner that day. This I accepted in as loud terms as possible, to mortify the pompous being, who stood shivering and rubbing his hands on the other side the counter, and to detain him still longer and complete my triumph, I began a story of some length, and when nearly at the conclusion, observed, in a careless manner, " but perhaps, sir, this person has business with you?" " Oh no," replied the other, rather peevishly, " I told you before, I don't want any thing." Vengeance, and mortified pride were in his countenance, and with no very pleasant cast in his eye, he left the shop.

I remained a week in this pleasant place,

not a day without an invitation to one hospitable table or another; and I most humbly hope this public acknowledgment of Caledonian kindness I so frequently met with in this hospitable country will meet their eye at no very distant period, for I am proud to say, I seldom entered a town of any magnitude in Scotland where I did not find the Itinerant in request at all the public Libraries.

For instance;—there was a small Barber's shop near the Inn, at Montrose; to this I paid regularly a morning visit. The man, on the second day, having, I suppose, learnt my name at the Inn, whilst combing my hair, "Pray, sir—A—that is—beg your pardon, sir.—Your name is Romney, I presume?" "It is." "Not the Author of the Itinerant?" "The same." "Sure, sir, you don't say so?—Bless my soul—Dolly, my love—Dear me—I beg pardon, hav'nt burnt your hair, I hope, sir. Why, Dolly, this is bona fide Mr. Romney, the Itinerant himself.—Dear dear, I'm so rejoiced.—No, sir, by no means—you'll

excuse me—can't think of taking any thing.—The pleasure of dressing such a character.—Why don't you speak, Dolly. —You must know, sir, we keep a small circulating Library, and many a bawbee we've got by Mr. Romney, Charles Camelford, Tony Lebrun, and the rest of them." The man in the butter-shop, thought I, may say the same. However, a little flattery does well, and I must confess I felt my vanity fed even by this silly circumstance—a weakness, I believe, authors of every description are subject to.

The next morning he again attacked me, but in a different way, being a sort of *Dickey Gossop*.—"Seen the papers this morning, sir.—Bad news for the Jackobins, sir.—They ought to pay me a halfpenny more on bad news days—I had one here just now, with a face as long as a fiddle.—Sir Francis sings small, sir—Castlereagh carries every thing before him.—All stars and garters—A member of the Holy Alliance.—Do you mean to publish again, sir.—Hope you'll speak well of *bonny*

Scoteland; it's the land o' cakes, ye ken, sir."

"Who that has ever been in Scotland can speak otherwise of it?" "O yes, sir; there was that literary pig, Johnson, said there was but *ane* pleasant view in all Scotland, and that was the road out of it." "I find you are acquainted with the names of great men." "Yes, sir, I have seen fat Lambert," &c. &c.

This man was everlasting; he asked questions, and gave the answers, and 'twas with difficulty I could get away from him. Every morning it was the same; and if I didn't answer his continual inquiries, "Dulish this morning, sir?—Not a word to throw at a poor Barber?—Bad receipts last night, mayhap.---Same here sometimes, sir.---Don't take twopence in a day."

My professional success was but moderate here, after all, and went but a little way towards improving the appearance of my pocket-book; however the time passed as pleasant as time could pass, at a distance from all that was dear to me; and for this

I was indebted to Mr. Watt, Editor of the paper, Mr. George Canning, of the Customs, Mr. White, and many other noble hearted Scotchmen, with whom I passed every evening during my stay.

To a sensitive mind, this continual round of forming pleasant acquaintance, and in a few days separating, perhaps, for ever, has much *variety*, but more *vexation* attendant upon it.

From Montrose to Arbroth, or Arbrothick, I next looked forward to, with, as usual, sanguine hopes of swelling out my book ; a weakness it may be called, and a weakness it undoubtedly is, but it is a happy one, and keeps despair at a distance. For how should I, but for this sanguine disposition, have lived over the many many failing attempts hard necessity had so often pressed me into for the last forty years.

The road to Arbroth is truly romantic, but there are so many well drawn descriptions of this part of Scotland, that I shall pass them over, by observing that a tour

through this country will amply repay the traveller's trouble.

My first visit in every town generally took place at the Bookseller's shop. At Arbroth I was most agreeably surprised to find in Mr. Wilson, the stationer, a young man of education and general information, with all the national hospitality of his country, stimulated into strong action by a social feeling heart.

CHAP. XXV.

Anecdotes, though true, that carry with them an air of romance, are by some doubted, yet the mysterious in general awakens more interest and attention than plain matter-of-fact detail.

A mysterious circumstance, which considerably puzzled me, took place at this time; at first I scarcely noticed it, but being so often repeated, became matter of surprise and serious reflection.

In Aberdeen, a respectable looking person, enveloped in a Scotch plaid and fur cap, as the Mail passed through, waved his hand and body most gracefully to me, from the top of the coach, which I of course returned with my best bow. In a day or two afterwards the same circumstance, from the same person, took place

at Montrose, and what is very astonishing, he was *again* coming from towards Aberdeen. I had not been two hours in Arbroth before I observed this same gentleman in his plaid, seated on the Mail, by the side of the coachman, at the Inn door, noting something on paper with his pencil. At that moment the coach started, and as it came rapidly pass, he bowed as usual, and threw down the following note:

“ I’m full of business you see—Idleness is a sin—So as the man in the Play says, I keep moving.—We shall all, please the great Spirit, be in Glasgow soon—say a month.—Meet us if you can.—I know she will be delighted to see you.—Farewell ; I’m as well as a broken-hearted being can be.”

A. C.

N. B. *Snuff*’s very dear in Aberdeen.

All the senses I possessed were now at work, and I ransacked my memory for a whole hour in vain, to unriddle this most singular circumstance, and related the whole in the Bookseller’s shop to some of the inhabitants. All thought it strange,

and many observed that they had often seen the same person drive through the town, and what was more astonishing, he always came from the north, and never was observed to return.

His note was familiar—talked of the play too—must have known me—but what could he mean by a female being glad to see me at Glasgow—a broken hearted man—and snuff being dear at Aberdeen—such an unconnected epistle bespeaks a disordered intellect—it is altogether a mystery, so it must remain.—Yet, as I am now in the country of *Witches*, *Warlocks*, and *Brunies*, who knows but what this may be one of them? “No,” replied Mr. Wilson, with a smile, “it could not be so, none of those gentry having ever been known to *write*.”

Arbroth turned out a more profitable expedition than either Montrose or Aberdeen, and caused the red morocco of the little book, to carry an appearance a little more plethoric, and symptoms of immediate consumption were for a while delayed.

I next turned my views towards *Forfar*,

for having passed through it on my way to Aberdeen, and not having time to view either the town or its classic vicinity, being within a few miles of the castle of *Glames*, *Dunsenon*, *Macbeth's Castle*, &c. I had concluded to indulge myself with a mental treat, by remaining one night at Forfar and the next at the village of Glames, on my return.

Having taken leave of the worthy citizens of Arbroth, its extensive abbey, revered ruin, with many other marks of valuable antiquity, I prepared, bag and baggage, for a fourteen miles journey to Forfar. To accomplish this, a horse and gig would be necessary, being a cross-road, and Sandy Anderson, with his gig and grey mare, Barley, soon made their appearance at the the door, price ten and sixpence according to contract, not to be sure the most splendid equipage in the world, but as Sandy observed "of muckle use, ye ken, Sir, for mare things than ane," which was evident from small particles of manure as yet to be cleared from the foot-board, and the

unbrushed state of poor Barley's grey coat. Now Sandy carried a truly *Bardolph* front, a sign of sensuality that told not much in his favour, volcanic eruptions appearing in various situations on his weather-beaten countenance, more especially about the nasal organ, and convinced me, although Sandy vowed they arose from a *fashious* complaint, called the scurvy, that all this putrid state of the blood was caused by the too frequent application to what he called Doctor Farintosh's Scorbutic drops; or in other words Highland *whiskey*.

I confess I was truly ashamed of both chariot and charioteer, and therefore to avoid as much as possible a public exhibition I walked on, having given orders for my singularly dirty equipage to follow on slowly after me,

The last injunction might have been spared, for grey mare *Barley* soon evinced a strong dislike to quick movements, which, together with total loss of sight, rendered a stationary situation more agreeable to

the poor animal, and more safe to the inhabitants of the gig

We had proceeded perhaps 10 miles over a most excellent road, winding through a beautiful valley, when grey mare *Barley*, on a sudden, made a full stop opposite to a public house, which if the sign meant any thing, went under the title of the *Bagpipes*.

This singular circumstance, led me to enquire of Sandy, how the poor animal, in her blind state, had obtained a knowledge of this public house.

“Ye ken the old proverb, Sir, ‘custom is second nature,’ and having travelled for mare than ten years’ from Arbroth to Forfar, she kens ilka house on the way, mare especially, those that vend drops for the cure of almost aw disorders the human body is subjec tul, I mean whiskey.”

As it was highly proper the poor beast *Barley* should have rest and refreshment, she was introduced to a stable for that

purpose. 'Twas dinner hour, and the good people of the house, were seated round something smoking that resembled boiled bagpipes, which on inquiry I found to be a famous Scotch dish, called haggis—a mixture of oatmeal and wholesome herbs; very good, I have no doubt, to those who are used to it, but to me, both from taste and appearance, I found no inducement to indulge in this Scottish dainty.

The beautiful town of Forfar is situated on a small hill, in the midst of a most rural valley. In the suburbs are still to be seen the remains of the Castle of Malcolm, king of Scotland. The surrounding hills render this little town an interesting object from almost every point of view; in the midst of the valley is an extensive plain, with a small lough, or lake.

The sun bestowed its benign influence, and the scene was altogether enchanting. O, how much more gratifying, pleasing, and instructive were the few hours I passed sauntering through these delightful scenes, than those I have so often been obliged to

squander, amongst the giddy, dissipated haunts of men. The simplicity and kindness of the country people, their civility; such a contrast to English impudence, and Lancashire brutality. All busy in useful and wholesome agricultural employment; the population is thin; their wants are small, and they are supplied; their passions are not strong, climate, constitution, and strict moral education, give an early check to sensuality in all its bearings, so ruinous to real happiness in our more southern countries.

Full of these reflections, as I left the lake and began to ascend an adjoining hill, to obtain a more extensive view of this pretty little town, a young blooming Scotch lassie passed me, as she descended, and looked as if she had walked some distance; a neat bonnet graced her fair countenance, and she wore shoes and stockings, things not usual amongst the lower classes in Scotland. She had a small bundle in her hand, which probably contained her wardrobe, and I observed—for who, that

is a man, can pass a blooming lass without modest admiration; I confess it is, and I hope ever will be, out of my power. She cautiously held her gown, over what in delicacy I must style her lower stomach, creating a suspicion that she wished to conceal something from the too curious eye of public observation—poor thing, it must be so, and shame causes her to hide that which some would give much to possess; she is, perhaps, making her escape from the cruelty of our sex, and the contempt of her own. She walks brisk, as if she wished to avoid me—there is misery in her countenance.—I'll overtake her, perhaps some small pecuniary assistance may be acceptable.

Scoff not, yelicious, my intentions were pure, and my heart glowed with a generous sensibility, that I now reflect upon with undiminished pleasure, a feeling far more refined than I know you will give me credit for.

“You walk quick, young woman, how far are you going, and where do you come from?” “It's na muckle matter, Sir, tul

any ane where a puir lassie's ganging; and where she comes fra' is still less so."

She's offended—surely I carry the general stamp of my sex, and villainy is legible on my brow.—“Don't walk so fast lassie, the hill is steep, I want to talk with you.” “I ken very weel what ye'd say, Sir, my lugs have lang been fash'd wi' it, so I beg ye'll keep it to your sel.”

“Stop now, only hear me one word, and I'll go back.”—She placed her bundle upon the wall, and resting her fair hand upon it, with a dejected look, and heart-piercing sigh, replied,—“Weel, Sir, what's yer will?”—“Now don't think me a witch if I tell you where you came from, what is the cause of your journey, and where you are going.”—“The colour mounted on her fair cheek, she seized again the bundle, as if averse to hear; walked a few paces, then returned, conceiving it to be impossible for a stranger, unless he was supernatural, to be acquainted with her concerns.—“And what do you ken about me, Sir,—na muckle harm, I hope?”

This was said in a way that would have moved the stony heart of a parish officer, and with a look that tortured mine.—“I know nothing, lassie, yet I can guess; I never saw you before, probably never shall see you again; you seem fatigued in body, and distressed in mind.”—“You are right, Sir, you are right.”—Then taking the corner of her handkerchief that lapped the bundle, she wiped away a falling tear.—“I’m sorry to distress you, I wish to serve you, but my power is small; give me leave just to say what I think is your situation?”

She looked downwards, and scored with her right foot amongst the dust.—“You have been weak enough to trust a false friend, who has probably deceived and deserted you, and caused your immediate retreat from your last residence; you are now going, you know not where, in search of a livelihood in a country where you are not known—am I right?”—After a pause and a copious discharge of tears, she replied,—“Not exactly, though

very near; I have na confidence i' warlocks, or I should take ye for ane; I winna, I canna say what my situation is, but as ye seem to ken, I will confess I am ill i' mind, and sare fatigued. I come awa sixteen lang miles from a gude home, where I left my dear parents almost broken-hearted, and I'm now ganging to seek for a—."

Here she paused and sobbed, her heart was full, and my situation became truly painful.—"Lassie, I am sorry I have intruded myself on your notice, yet I shall rejoice if I can render you any service; a humane feeling impelled me to inquire, but prudence should at the same time have checked it; for now I know your affliction, it is out of my power essentially to relieve it. What is your name?"—"Lessey Linnet, Sir."—"Lessey, I wish you happier days, farewell." My intended shilling became expanded, and the sight of a half-crown brought a tear into her eye, and a thankful look from her beautiful countenance.

She then moved slowly on, and I could observe her, for I still leaned against the wall, at a distance of near half a mile, turning round and waving her hand in gratitude, I suppose, for the trifle she had received ; would it had been pounds, thought I.—No, no, replied the *cottage* of *comfort*, *little Anne* has wants as well as *Lessey*.

She was soon out of sight, and I mounted the adjacent hill, moralising on the extent and spread of female misery, arising from the depravity of human nature, exemplified in the cruel, base, and unfeeling heart of man, who like Satan first seduces to sin, and then betrays to punishment.

It was absurd to suppose so small a town could remunerate my exertions in any way worthy of notice ; I did not expect it, therefore was not disappointed at the small receipts of the evening ; sufficient, however, to bear expences, and that was enough ; for curiosity, and not cash, was my object, enjoying at that moment a state of mind of a far more refined nature than

the sordid influence of pecuniary motives were capable of inspiring. Mouldering ruins, castle turrets, helmeted heroes, rusty spears, Malcolms, murdered kings, &c. were now brought forth by busy fancy, increasing as I approached the venerable castle of Glames, and with all expedition I prepared to set foot on classic ground.

Sandy Anderson, his dirty gig and grey mare *Barley*, were by no means appendages likely to gain much credit by appearances, yet as in the solitary and thinly inhabited country, I was then on the point of entering, appearances were of little consequence, and Sandy's gig the most economical conveyance, I concluded he should carry me on to the village of Glames.

Accordingly, on Sunday, about two o'clock we prepared for departure, Sandy having previously taken his anti-scorbutic, till his nose resembled a red hot heater.

Now I had forgot all this man's previous conduct in his good nature, and witty replies, but now my folly stared me in the face, in the shape of a drunken *Scotchman*,

may even on the Sunday too, when the gude people were a'ganging tul their kirk.

It was with some difficulty he obtained his seat in the gig, which to avoid accidents I drove myself, determined to get out of observation as soon as possible. Having accomplished this, and six miles being the extent of the journey, I permitted the old mare Barley to go her own pace, and began to practice a verse of a beautiful Scotch song, given me at Forfar; called the "Brays of Balwadder."

How inconsistent are the good people of this country—the intoxicated simpleton, Sandy Anderson, the moment I began my song, laid violent hands upon the reins, and stopped the carriage; exclaiming, in a hickup kind of way, whilst a blue tinge, ever and anon superseded the red in his countenance, resembling the quick transition of colour in a dying mackarel,—"Ah, Sir, sure ye dunna ken what yer doing; I dare na gang a foot farther wi' ye, lest the ground should open and take us down intul the bottomless pit; a

Forfar de'il has, laid hauds on ye, i' the shape of a song, let me gar ye to shake him off, Sir; we are ordered, ye ken, Sir, to keep holy the."—At this time his holy zeal, or his late dose of anti-scorbutic, brought forth the contents of his stomach over the side of the gig, and stopped his pious admonition.

Finding the reins again at liberty, I pursued my journey at rather a quicker pace, determined to get quit of my disgusting companion as soon as possible.

Strange as this may appear, a similar strata of weakness and inconsistency runs through the whole country; they literally strain "at knats, and swallow camels." You may take whiskey, I speak generally, in any quantity, get as foo as you like with impunity on Sunday; but to sing, or even whistle a verse of a song, is a never-to-be-forgiven sin—would create a mob and endanger your life. This must be supposed to exist chiefly amongst the lower and uninformed part of the community; but all ranks, with few exceptions, are equally inconsistent.

It is not many years since a banditti entered the town of Seville in Spain, broke open the house of a Protestant gentleman and murdered the whole family; when tired with plundering, they began to regale on a fine piece of beef; but on a sudden, one of them threw down his knife and fork, with a pale countenance, and exclaimed; "What shall we do, it is fish day." Struck with horror, not at the murders they had recently committed, but at the more heinous crime of eating *roast beef*, instead of *boiled codfish*; and they immediately left the place in quest of a priest, to give them absolution.

From the top of a hill, four miles from Forfar, I again beheld the venerable towers of Glames Castle, proudly raising their majestic heads, amongst the lofty trees, in the extensive woods that surrounded them. The scene was picturesque; and my romantic imagination heightened its beauties.

All here, thought I, is rural simplicity; the inhabitants, a happy few, enjoying

peace and tranquillity, whilst domestic comforts make ample amends for those luxuries more populous countries are poisoned with. Uncontaminated by trade, they are not hardened against brotherly love, and instead of studying the best mode of overreaching their neighbours, their greatest pleasure is to add to their comforts.

Vain imagination!—For on casting my eye over the valley below, I beheld—one of those foes to fine feelings—a Cotton Mill.—In a moment every idea of simple rusticity and romantic scenery fled, and made room for Manchester market place, swaggering brokers, hard bargains, starving weavers, pride, ostentation, and cotton bags.

However, I was somewhat eased, by Sandy's information, that the edifice was not a cotton mill, but a manufactory for spinning flax; that the poor people employed were innocent, unoffending, and as happy as the spinners at New Lanark, for

the comfort of Mr. Owen's people is become proverbial throughout Scotland.

Thus relieved, prolific imagination went again to work with redoubled vigour; Thane of Glames, Thane of Cawder, Duncenain, Macbeth, Bancao, and the Weird Sisters stood all before me in reverend array, so that a castle-building enjoyment continued till our most contemptible equipage arrived at the Inn, in the small village of Glames.

That which in a large town, like Sir John Falstaff's ragged regiment, one would be ashamed to parade the streets with, in a country village excites little attention; the poor inhabitants are used to no better, and the novelty is small; but when a Noble *Aristocrat* dashes, four-in-hand, through the village, every mouth is open, every eye glowing with curiosity. The village of Glames is but a poor looking place, consisting of cottages of one story, dirty in appearance on the outside, and not much better within. The Inn, however, was

clean and comfortable, and the beds, as usual, throughout Scotland, of the best quality.

Conceiving Sandy's scorbutic remedy might render him unfit for much attention to grey mare Barley, I undertook the office myself, and after giving her plenty of corn, water, and clean straw, I inquired what the house could produce for personal refreshment; of this there was no lack, if I chose to dine alone, but being informed that a party of four gentlemen from Dundee had invited Mr. Wood, the Forester, who resided at the castle as superintendent, to dinner, I felt anxious to be introduced to him, as a probable means of obtaining my grand object,—an inside view of this ancient building.

My wishes were instantly complied with; for on its being represented to the party that an English gentleman, if it met with their approbation, would do himself the honour to make one at the dinner, with true national sociability, they acceded to the proposal.

The eatables were good in kind.—The cookery—O dear.—But enough has been said on this subject. And be it remembered, that however John Buil may outdo Sandy in preparing viands for the table, he does not surpass him in the hospitable distribution of them.

The company were pleasant, at least if one may judge by their laughing, for almost every word they said was totally unintelligible to me; however, not to be singular, I laughed when the rest did. Great attention seemed to be paid to the Forester, and indeed deservedly, being a man superior in appearance and talent.

Its well known, at least I know, that Sandy is no flincher at pushing round the toddy, and as the Dundeers were braw lads, and the old Forester more braw and hearty than any of them, after the first bowl, I began to plan an escape, lest love for classic ground, and reverence for antiquities, might lead to ebriety. But then the Forester was there—the sole tenant of this immense old ruin, that had drawn me,

at least twenty miles, from my intended route.

There sat this fine old fellow, with his silver hair and rosy gills, tossing off whiskey toddy, with as little apparent effect as water, whilst the huge rusty keys of the castle doors lay by his side on the table.

Would I had been born in this healthy land, where the birth-right of every man seems to be a hale constitution and a flow of animal spirits that sets dejection at a distance, and bids begone to dull care,—would I could drink whiskey as they do, and bid defiance to the doctor. While *they* laugh and joke, and are cheery, “fat fellows that sleep of nights,” *I* sit in silence, a sort of “lean Cassious that thinks too much,” and, alas, to little purpose.

Such were my reflections, when I was luckily extricated from the fear of Farintosh, by a summons from Sandy Anderson, who wished to know if I had any further business with him, his gig, and grey mare Barley, —“Because, ye ken, Sir, I’ve an

ain cousin, my uncle's great-grand-son, that dwells i' the toon of Aughtermaughty, and as I'm so far on my gait I'm thinking I'll just gang an speer after his health.

I inwardly rejoiced at being no longer under the necessity of employing this man, for though fond of character as I am, and Sandy, like many of his countrymen, possessed a sensible shrewdness in his replies and observations, yet the annoyance I had met with from his scorbutic remedy, together with his dirty vehicle, counterbalanced every thing, and had I further occasion for his services I most certainly should not have employed him; therefore, after remunerating him for his trouble, and enjoying the pleasure of handing another feed to poor Barley, I returned Ben, to the convivial Caledonians.

Four copious bowls of *whiskey toddy* had now been swallowed by the four Dundees and the hearty Forester, and proved that Sandy's summons was a lucky escape for me; yet without much embarrassment they mounted their gigs, and left us with a hearty good-bye.

“ Now, Sir,” said the Forester, with great good humour, as we stood at the door, “ the Philistines arē gang’d awa’; we’ll go Ben, and tak a wee glass, and enjoy our own crack ith lum corner.” But as soon as he found I had so strong a desire to view the castle, and had come so far for that purpose, he called for the keys. “ Yer right, Sir, we’ll gang doon, and tak a drop of toddy i’ my apartments at the castle, and ye can come again i’ the morn, and the housekeeper will show ye through aw the rooms, if ye can spare a few hoors, for near ane hundred different apartments are not to be gone through i’ a wee time, I promise ye.”

This was a most rapturous proposal; my natural enthusiasm was wound up to the “ top of its bent,” and whiskey toddy had wound it still higher.

The back yard of the Inn leads directly to the park gate, towards which Mr. Wood made his way with hasty strides, observing, that if I meant to obtain a view of the outside of the castle, there was no time to lose, as it was now gloming.

Having entered the park or policy, as they are sometimes termed in Scotland, I was surprised by the number and height of the trees, forming avenues in every direction, twilight rendering the scene sublimely beautiful, and I really wished the Forester had a log at his foot to impede his progress.

At length the upper part of the castle appeared at considerable distance, terminating the avenue down which we were descending; for this ancient edifice lies in a valley, and occupies a space on a beautiful lawn, surrounded by a small trout stream.

We had now reached the end of the avenue, and from a rising ground enjoyed a full view of this long celebrated mansion of monarchs, and helmeted heroes of antiquity. The Forester stopped.—“There, Sir, now ye ken the ancient Castle of Glames, built two hundred years ago, where King Malcolm was murdered, and mony deeds transacted that never came to light.”

I paid little attention to the worthy

man's account, for my mind was quite absorbed in the awful scene before me. Here, thought I, is a monument to the instability of human grandeur.—“ The gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples, nay, even the great globe itself,” &c. &c.— This immense pile, once the seat of bustling warriors and titled tyrants, of cringing courtiers and cruel kings, now stands in solemn silence, the sepulchre of mouldering banners and rusty shields. There was scarcely a breath of air, and light just enough to distinguish the finger of the clock, on one of the sugar-loaf towers, pointing at the hour of seven, on which a peacock stood, and made the valley echo with the shrillness of his shouting; save this, and now and then the cawing of a restless rook in the trees above, all was silent as the sepulchre of the dead. There was religion in this—the soul was awakened, and the mind met its Maker in the view.

At that moment the clock struck seven, and the sonorous sound vibrated throughout the valley.

Whether it was the toddy, or whether it was a concatenation of sublime ideas, produced by the scene before me, and perhaps a little sharpened by the aforesaid stimulus, for as Sheridan says, "wine brings forth the natural qualities of the soul," I know not, but I confess I felt a strange chuckling in the throat, and a sensation somewhat similar to smothered grief, yet far more pleasing.

"Come, Sir, noo you've ken'd the outside of the castle, we'll gang within, and ye shall wash yer throat wi as gude a glass o' whiskey as ever came from the still o' Glenlevit."

Down the slope we went, and after pacing, perhaps, a hundred yards, came to a massy old door, studded with heads of large nails. I was surprised at the narrowness of the entrance to so extensive a building, but the Forester informed me the ancient castles in Scotland were all built in the same way, so that in cases of siege two men a-breast could scarcely enter.

One of the large keys was now put in

use, and in turning the lock produced a din resembling the whetting of a saw, requiring both the Forester's hands, and all his strength to accomplish it. There was not much light without, but within the long passage, all was in a state of absolute darkness; and I was indebted to the skirts of the Forester's coat for a safe pilotage. After unlocking, unbarring, unchaining many doors, he stopped, and—astonishing to relate, in a moment there appeared on the first landing of a staircase, a beautiful, young, smiling damsel, in neat attire, with brilliant lights for our accommodation. “Noo, Sir, ye ken, we are at our journey's end; this is my dwelling, appointed for me, by the laird of Strathmore, where I and my niece reside, as gude a lassie, Sir, as e'er tripped o'er the burn.”

We followed the smiling syren into a neat apartment, where, in a most fascinating manner, she handed a chair, and welcomed her uncle's guest in a way that would not have disgraced a duchess.

When the mind is intent on grave and serious subjects, running retrograde four or five hundred years, filled with romantic ideas of Scottish Chieftains, Scottish Kings, feudal times, and fatal tyrants, to be awakened to such a sudden change from dark passages, and dark thinking, to the sweet animating picture on the old staircase, appeared like instantaneous enchantment, and the effect was such as I cannot describe, but leave it to the conception of those who, like myself, possess a sensitive soul, easily affected with the solemn scenes of antiquity, and as easily awakened into a far stronger sense of pleasure, on beholding in such a situation so unexpectedly an amiable, beautiful woman.

The whiskey, with all the appendages necessary for the manufacture of excellent toddy, were in an instant on the table. The Forester felled his tumbler; but my ideas were so much engrossed by the interesting scenes I had just witnessed, that tongue and mind were paralyzed with astonishment. “Wont ye take a wee

dropie wi my uncle, Sir?" The sweet tones of her voice, aided by the Scotch accent—the suavity of her manners—enforcing her request with a lovely smile, and a pair of most persuasive blue eyes, had such an effect upon my stupidity, that instead of a "wee dropie," I think I should have drank the whole bottle, if solicited in the same way.

I remember Dr. Johnson's remark on a similar occasion. "Sir, the man who can withstand the solicitation of a beautiful and amiable woman deserves to be transported to a desert island, to herd with the beasts, his brethren."

I am of the Doctor's way of thinking, and right proud of so high a precedent.

The "wee dropie" led to conversation. "I fear, Madam, you pass rather a melancholy time in this old uninhabited castle, a superstitious mind might here feed the imagination, and conjure up ghosts, spectres, and supernatural appearances of all kinds."

"Sir, I dinna place muckle faith in war-

locks and wizzards. I have plenty of gude company when my dear uncle's Ben, and when he's awa, ye ken, a body need na be vary lanely if there's a gude book at hand."

With this kind of pleasant chit-chat, in which, perhaps, I am as well calculated to bear a part as most people, and particularly on an occasion like this, as pleasant a half hour passed, as could pass, away from the Cottage of Comfort; for however warm and enthusiastic my feelings are towards a lovely woman, and a fig for the man who is without them, the strongest attachment of my soul was, and ever will be, centred with undeviating affection in the bosom of my Anne, at Parkgate.

It has frequently been matter of regret with me, who, throughout life, have always possessed the happy knack of making myself miserable, by anticipation of evil, that the hour of parting with agreeable company is a great check upon the comfort we might otherwise enjoy.

It was time for me to depart I well

knew ;—but the Forester was pressing—a convivial, hearty, honest fellow ; his society pleasant, and his niece still more so. What was to be done ? Inclination led one way, prudence and propriety another ; the matter, however, was soon decided, and I was induced to take another tumbler, for this worthy Scotchman touched the vibrating string of my heart, by giving the health of my little Nanny, at Parkgate.

CHAP. XXVI.

I was now aware that he had read the former parts of the Itinerant; though I am happy to say I found it generally the case throughout this reading country, and it will easily be conceived my vanity was not a little flattered by finding myself, as I perhaps vainly imagined, somewhat exalted in their opinions by this circumstance.

Another half hour was now pleasantly filled up by a short but entertaining account of the Forester's history, and the vicissitudes of life he had gone through, together with the loss of an affectionate wife, which frequently filled the fine eyes of his niece, with the generous distillation of a feeling heart.

“ Mr. Wood, you must excuse me, 'tis nearly eight o'clock.” “ Well, Sir, yer

company's worth the having; an ye can spare another half hoor, Margaret and I would be vary thankful."

There were two reasons why I should not; the first was, a chance that this warm pressing might savour more of hospitality than real desire; secondly, it would be impossible to remain without taking more toddy; or perhaps offending the hearty Forester; and as I had already swallowed more of the Caledonian elixir of life than was either prudent or pleasant, having once made the attempt to move, I resolutely determined to depart, though reluctantly.

Finding I was not to be persuaded, the worthy man rose to escort me again through the dark passages; whilst his amiable niece, holding out her fair hand, which remained not a moment unoccupied, "A good night tul ye, Sir, and may you meet yer wee Anne i' health and happiness."—O God! thy will was otherwise, but I knew it not.

"When I am wed, and sic a thing may come to pass ane o' these days, I am just

thinking how I should like my husband to speak as well o' me when I am awa, as ye ha done o' yer wife i' the Itinerant." "Madam, I have written the sentiments of my heart, and I hope I may yet live to speak of you and your worthy uncle, as I think, and it is my sincere wish, that the man whom you honour with this hand may be worthy, and wealthy."

"I wouldna gie a bawbee for his siller; I ha a wee bit o' my ain; an he gies me his heart I will be happy, na matter how he ranks i' life.—

"Robert that herds on the height,
Can be as blithe as Sir Robert the Knight."

We had now descended to the bottom of the staircase, when dropping a curtsy with ease and elegance, she tripped up the stairs and left us. Being favoured by a light, we now proceeded with less difficulty, and soon reached the outer door, which opened much easier, being only bolted on the inside.

“ Now, Sir, keep straight up the first avenue, and yer right, and about eight or nine i’ the morning knock wi aw yer might at this door, and ye’ll be sure to view the inside of the castle.”

“ Good night, Sir, its dark and dismal amongst these trees, but I’ll sing loud to frighten away the fairies.”

“ Exacly, Sir, sing through the wood, laddie, and they’ll run before ye like rats, but ye munna sing any Jacobite songs, for the day hath ears, and the night eyes, ye ken.”

The thick narrow door now bang’d like little thunder, and the creaking of the old lock, bid defiance to all intruders for the night. I paced quickly over the lawn, and mounted the rising ground towards the avenue, when the old clock bell echoëd through the valley eight solemn sounds, that for a moment stopped my career, and awakeued serious reflections, in opposition to the worthy Forester’s hospitality.

Slackening my pace from choice as well as necessity, I found, by holding my um-

brella before, to prevent encountering the trees, through the darkness of the evening, that I had entered the bottom of the long avenue that leads to the village, and my thoughts now were upon a par with the gloomy scene around me.

Perhaps I had reached half way up the avenue, when I heard something gently rustling among some short underwood that surround one of the large trees.—I stood to consider; superstitious fear I had none, and robbers were not likely to visit so unprofitable a part of the world as this.—What, then, caused the motion of the twigs? Again there was a gentle moving, and a noise resembling a huge being taking breath. I could now see somewhat better than when I first encountered the darkness, and rubbing my eyes I fixed them on the spot from whence the noise proceeded, and plainly perceived a pair of large goggling eyes.—The Forester's proverb is fulfilled, thought I, the night hath eyes, and horns too, it seems, for I then discovered the object of my surprise was

a poor harmless cow, that lay under the tree, fearful, no doubt, that I should disturb its repose.

Here would have been food to frighten the whole parish, and matter for a religious tract upon supernatural appearances, had I made my escape to the inn, when the rustling, the breathing, the glaring eyes, and the horns, first appeared, and with tremulous accent and pale visage, related the horrible, terrible warlock I had met with; such is in general the foundation of all ghost stories.

Leaving the poor cow to chew her cud in comfort, I passed on, and soon arrived at the inn.

Having seated myself by a comfortable fire, I called for my writing apparatus, and was just beginning to describe the whole of this singular adventure, when the landlady entered with a letter in her hand.

“Ah, Sir, an ye’d been twa hours sooner, ye’d a gen muckle joy tul an ald gentleman. He came on the top o’ the mail,

a' hurry, and fash'd wi' the coachman, because he didna get on faster ; but as soon as he ken'd yer name upon the luggage, I thought he'd gone crazy. After running through every room But and Ben, i' search o' ye, he came to me i' a Tartan plaid, a fur cap, and muckle whiskers, and looking very disconsolate, speered where the gentleman was that belonged to the luggage i' the lobby ; and when I told him ye were gang'd down tul the castle, he slapped his hand upon his forehead quite awfu'.

“The mail horn sounded just at that time ; but he put a piece o' siller i' the guard's hand, just to let him write this note, and then they gang'd awa as fast as the horses could clatter.”

Filled with astonishment I began to reflect. What new part in the drama of life am I now fated to fill, tragic or comic ?—I hope the latter.—Who can this strange person be, who seems to take an interest in my concerns ? By description it must be the same that left me the note

in Arbroth. Full of strange surmises,
I broke the seal, and read as follows :

“ I am very unfortunate.—Wish much to see you.—
She desires me to tell you not to expect her at Glas-
gow these three weeks.—Sent her a canister of real
blackguard from Perth.—I’m killing time as fast as I
can.—Here to-day, and gone to-morrow.—All wont do.
—Life’s a burthen.—Coach wont stay, and therefore I
cant write any more.—Farewell.

The unfortunate

A—C—.”

Such an unconnected epistle as this,
could not come from any one in a sane
state of mind ; who it could be, or what
was meant by the lady that seemed to be
so well acquainted with me, I found
myself quite at a loss to account. Some
affliction seemed to weigh heavy on his
mind, and though unacquainted with the
person, I could not help pitying his situa-
tion. Therefore leaving the whole of this
mysterious affair to be unravelled by time,
I finished my letter to Parkgate, and
prepared to take my rest.

If variety be desirable, I this day had enough of it; many are the transitions from pain to pleasure, and pleasure to pain, I have experienced through a forty years intercourse with the world—now fed up with flattering expectation—now fighting in the advanced ranks of mental misery—scarcely a month of uninterrupted comfort; but no one day of my chequered life could compete with this, for crowding incident, pleasing and interesting.

To go to bed is one of the easiest things in the world, if one knew the way; to obtain this intelligence, it was necessary to apply to an officer of the household called a chambermaid, or rather a chamber-widow, having lost her husband some years. She escorted me through some long passages to the room door, and then with all delicacy giving the candle, bade me good night. I had scarcely entered the room, when a gust of wind, from my closing the door in too precipitate a manner, blew out the light. For a while, I groped along the passages, calling cham-

bermaid; but as no answer was given, and fearing a fall down some of the staircases, I concluded the best way would be to return to my room, and undress, which a man may as easily accomplish without a candle, as with.

There were two doors close together, one of which was mine; I felt them both over and over, and could not for the life of me, tell whether that to the right or to the left was the one I had just left; however an election must be made, and I entered the right hand apartment, which unfortunately proved to be the wrong room.

The bed was soon perceptible to the touch, and in half a minute I was undressed, and had turned down the clothes, when a female voice, between sleep and awake, ejaculated with a gape,—“Thou should na’ gang out without thy clothes, David; how are thy bowels, joy?”

I soon found, to my surprise and alarm, that I had by mistake, entered the room of the landlord and landlady; and without

wating the result of a moment's reflection, bundled up my clothes, and made as precipitate a retreat as darkness would permit. My own room was the next, I felt confident, where I soon became the sole occupier of a large and comfortable bed.

But reflection proved a foe to sleep, and the very idea of the danger I had just escaped, drove somnolency from my eyes, for many hours.

Most certainly, this singular mistake might have been attended with serious, if not fatal consequences, had the husband returned the moment I was stepping into his wife's bed! No matter how innocent, circumstantial evidence would have weighed so strongly against me, that he would have been justified had he deprived me of life.

About eight o'clock next morning I rose, and opened my letter to add this curious anecdote, which having completed, I entered the kitchen, inquiring for the Boots, to convey it to the Post-office.

To my astonishment neither the landlord or landlady returned any answer; but kept their eyes fixed on my pantaloons—a sort of indelicate behaviour, for which I was at a loss to account, till I observed my watch chain dangling over my own pantaloons worn by the landlord. The publican looked at the sinner, and the sinner looked at the publican; and the landlady eyed us both with a sort of quizzical look that bordered upon a smile, an omen I thought of peaceful reconciliation.—“Yer speering for the boots, Sir, I’m just thinking; you’d better change breeks first.” This caused a general laugh, and as I found the matter was likely to go off pleasantly, I joined in it most heartily.

The reader will easily perceive the mistake; in the dark I had carried off the landlord’s pantaloons, and left my own, the one being dark blue, the other black, and nearly of a size, I perceived not my mistake, till the grand eclaircissement in the kitchen.

Agreeably to my appointment with the

Forester, at eleven I attended, and gave a thundering knock at the castle gate. After a considerable time, for many doors were to be opened, I was admitted by the housekeeper's maid-servant, and shown with much civility by the housekeeper herself, through all the rooms that could be found, for there are some to which no entrance, or windows have hitherto been observed, although the chimneys are perceptible, and into which no human creature for more than one hundred years, have ventured to intrude. Of these there are legends, commonly related amongst the people, of Malcolm's ghost; strange noises; supernatural appearances, &c. &c.

The rooms of any respectability, as is usual in castles of antiquity, are in the upper stories; in one, there is a striking portrait of the Duke of Ormond, in armour, by Sir Peter Hely, a great and good man. I was likewise shown the passage, where it is said king Malcolm fell by the hands of assassins; and the bed on which the unfortunate Mary, queen

slept for a considerable time, when confined in the Castle of Glames.

I had not the good luck to meet with the worthy Forester, who was looking after the concerns of the estate; and I saw him no more; but as I left the castle, I met the lovely lassie that so bewitched me last night. She was in dishabille, but clean and neat; a straw bonnet graced her pretty face, and a clean white bedgown enclosed her pleasing form, whilst a little basket hung on her arm, as she tripped across the lawn, with intention to escape my observation; but fully determined to obtain a view of her by day-light, I soon overtook; and prevented her retreat.

“ Well I declare yer vast nimble footed, Sir, I thought I could have outrun a gentleman of yer age.—I am na fit to be seen; my wee chuckiesses, ye ken, Sir, must hae their kale; and if I don’t gather the eggs i’ a morning, the vermin will suck them before night. Will ye gang intul the castle, Sir, and tak ane beat up wi’ a glass o’ Madeira; my uncle’s farming, but ye’ll be right welcome. Do, Sir, walk in.”

The great Rousseau made his confessions, and perhaps too sincerely.—I will make my confessions equally as sincere, and, perhaps it may be thought equally as imprudent ; for I found out for the first time, what no doubt, every one is well acquainted with, that human nature is the same, in every human creature, modified by certain circumstances, let their situations be what they will. No man entertained a more ardent, enthusiastic, unalterable affection for a wife than I did ; yet I now began to think that it was possible for a lovely, animated creature, like this Forrester's niece, to awaken a sensation in the mind, not altogether consistent with propriety.

Oh man, man, thy name is frailty, and be thy coat black or red, thou art not to be trusted ; and I hope this will be a caution to elderly gentlemen, that to chase over lawns, beautiful girls, who wear white stockings, and short garments, is a dangerous thing.

“ Do, Sir, walk in,” was pronounced

with a sweetness of voice, look, and manner, that would have made a convert, even of a popish priest; and yet I, S. W. R. withstood it!!! For finding that this artless, amiable creature, had awakened a kind of improper sensation in my mind, which a continuance in her company would only increase, I rejected her request, and with a hearty shake of the hand, bade her adieu, most likely for ever. Yet if this work should find its way to Glames castle, it will, I trust, be perceived, that the author feels a proper respect, and a strong sense of gratitude for the national hospitality and politeness, he received from Mr. Wood, the Forester, and his amiable niece, Miss Margaret Young.

The mail for Perth arrived at three o'clock, and I prepared to pursue my journey with a mind full of the various and most singular occurrences I had experienced since my arrival at the village of Glames.

Being alone I filled up the time in noting the passing circumstances in my journal,

and having dined began once more to try over my favourite Scotch air; but I had scarcely begun when the waiter-woman entered with a pale countenance, which led me to conclude that some dreadful misfortune had taken place. “Ah, Sir, I’m a wicked sinner mysel, and have na right to find fault wi others, but let me beg ye winna bring doon a judgment upon the hoose by singing unholy sangs, while there is a corpse lying deed i’ the other room.”

Although I did not see the thing exactly in the same sinful light, yet more out of respect for the feelings than the prejudices of the good woman, I promised to desist.

“Yer right, Sir, ane shouldna like it anesel, ye ken, Sir.” “Why, mistress, I can give no opinion upon that subject, for lack of experience, but if you please, when I’m gone, I’ll come back and let you know.”

“Ah, not for the world; yer unca sinfu to talk so lightly of sic awfu things; wha knows but ye yersel may be caw’d awa this night.” “Well, then, I’ll come and

visit you in the morning." "Ah, the poors forbid," replied she, quickly retreating, and I could hear her muttering to herself, as she went down the lobby,— "Yan's na babe o' grace, but ane o' the de'il's ane begetting before the beginning o' time, as Meenister M'Miserable said fra the pilpit last sabbath day."

Three o'clock came, the mail arrived, and curiosity led me to inquire of the guard the name of the strange gentleman in the plaid and whiskers that came with him the day before, but all was still a mystery; the guard remembered the gentleman, and his name was in the way-bill, but he observed, "'Twas a tooth-breaker, he could not repeat it, something like Cad-wallider."

The beautiful town of Perth we entered about eight o'clock that evening. It would be a presumption in me to attempt a description of what has been so well described already by so many more able writers. Suffice it to say, that this is the most regular, neat, clean, well-built town, for its

size, in either Scotland or England. It is delightfully situated in a valley, on the banks of the beautiful river Tay, and surrounded by small hills, covered with foliage. The romantic effect produced on the mind of the stranger, when first he obtains a full view of the town, descending the hill at the entrance, is truly gratifying.

I before observed, that introductory letters were of little or no use to me in Scotland, but Perth proved the contrary. Three letters to respectable gentlemen, in this truly elegant town, were the means of introducing me to some of the first families, and the polite and hospitable reception I met with, made a grateful impression on my mind, that will be as lasting as my life. They were addressed to Mr. Malcolm, Collector, Mr. Malcolm, jun. M. D. and and Mr. Sandyman, printer and bleacher, men of liberal hearts, well informed minds, and gentlemanly manners. I mention these names, from a motive of gratitude, that these worthy friends may find their

kind attentions have not been thrown away upon a forgetful object.

The bookseller's shop, as usual, my first place of call, was the means of lighting up the torch of sanguine, yet well grounded expectation. I found my name had arrived before me, through the medium of the former volumes of this work, and Mr. Morison, the bookseller, a young man of a friendly and kind disposition, led me to think that my Lecture would be well attended, a matter of serious import; for the red pocket-book had lost its plethoric and robust appearance, somewhat resembling an alderman in a consumption. A fear that comforts might be wanting at the cottage, proved a foe to sleep for many nights, and the rat nibbled at my ribs daily; but the moment I left the worthy bookseller's shop, *who's afraid* came again to my assistance.

I have avoided mercenary concerns as much as possible in this narrative, because my motive is, if possible, to amuse, rather

than distress the reader ; but let it not be supposed, because I pass over in silence, many an unsuccessful effort; and many an hour of heart-rending distress, my time passed in an unchequered round of pleasing variety. No human creature can conceive, and the Lord only knows, the pangs I have suffered through pecuniary embarrassments ; not so much for myself, as for *her* who *was* dearer to me than myself.

CHAP XXVII.

The old theatre at Perth was small; but, however, quite large enough for me, and through the friendship of Mr. Rider, manager of the Aberdeen, and various other Theatres in Scotland, I obtained it for a few nights *gratis*; to condense as much as possible, suffice it, my success was for a wonder, fully as flattering as I could expect.

Although I do not mean to fatigue the reader, by egotistic accounts of my public exhibitions, there being already too much of self throughout the whole, which is unavoidably the case, when a work is written in the first person; yet I cannot pass over those nights of my performance, during which, circumstances took place, that are interwoven with the narrative.

The brilliant show in the boxes on the

first night, was highly flattering, and my heart glowed with gratitude to providence, for the power I now perceived I should possess, of transmitting ammunition sufficient to keep the wolf from the door at P. G.

My spirits were equal to the task, and all was going off seemingly to the satisfaction of every one. The first part was concluded, and the second began, when in the midst of a pathetic relation on the subject of ghosts,—“ *Ha, how did ye come,*” was vociferated from the boxes. I believe I possess as much power over myself, as most people on similar occasions; but this unexpected salute, no power of feature could withstand, and turning from the audience, I gave vent to an unconquerable laugh, whilst a thundering plaudit came from all parts of the house.

It will easily be imagined from whence this salute came; and my knowledge of the orator caused a pleasing, rather than a painful sensation, at this interruption.

As soon as silence could be obtained, I proceeded, and at the conclusion, was

greeted with a hearty shake of the hand, and an invitation to supper at the inn, by my London dandy ; who in a most friendly way, came behind the scenes for that purpose.

The success of the evening, the pleasure of meeting with this wild young man, whose conduct to the poor lame pensioner, placed him in my mind as a noble hearted being, buoyed me up rather above my bent, and I felt as near happiness as could be, three hundred miles from its source.

The evening was pleasantly passed ; and in the course of conversation, he gave me a concise account of his adventures, leaving out his name and connexions.—Perhaps a better effect may be produced, by giving the account, as near as I can, in his own words.

“ I’m a lad of few words, Mr. Romney, I hate long speeches, long songs, long sermons, long anything, but long life.—I shan’t tell you where I was born ; yes I will though—I was born in Scotland, bonny Scotland ; but in which part, who

my parents, or by what appellation they are distinguished, I must not tell; not that I care a fig about the matter, excepting the best of all beings, a darling old aunt, who takes snuff by the peck, and allows her harum scarum nephew five hundred pounds a-year. What do you think of that, old gentleman? all regular.”—“ Why I think she’s more partial than prudent; but go on.”—“ Forthwith, all regular.—Very early in life, I am told, that those who had the care of me, mother dead, and father mad, being not the most honest of all people, or in the vulgar, d—d scoundrels, transported me to Jamaica, and I was placed under the care of a planter, who gave me a decent education, and a full insight into all the various branches of cruelty, necessary to form a slave-driver; *all regular*, but the more I saw of this hellish work, the more I despised it.

“ I grew a pace forthwith, ill weeds, you know.—Nineteen came, twenty came, one and twenty came; so now I’ll be off

forthwith, thinks I, and leave these infernal hypocrites, who, as christians, pray for forgiveness one hour, and cut collops out of the backs of the slaves the next, for the most trifling misdemeanour, and indeed for none at all; then, hie for *bonny Scotland*, where such deeds are heard of, only to be detested.

“ Well, Sir, I determined to be off *forthwith*, and as I was fondish of company, you see, there being a young woman, who resided at a small distance, possessed of a few hundreds, for whom I had an attachment devoid of money matters, I determined to have her *forthwith*; but the slave driver did his utmost to prevent our union, because she was a woman of colour.

“ You’r not up, perhaps, to the colour concern, in that proud, detestable, cruel country.—Why, Sir, if a person be ever so clever, scientific, *virtuous*, nay, even rich, should the colour of *skin* vary a shade or he is shunned by the slave driver, as an inferior being; so that if a stranger, who

had the jaundice, should enter a tavern, the white people would all quit the room.

“ But I looked upon the matter in quite a different light. God made us all, black, white, and Creole, so I’d stand no nonsense, but married my Betty *forthwith*, sold her property, and prepared to visit my native land.

“ But all regular—I could’nt go without a ship, and there was none in the harbour, so I was obliged to remain a few months longer amongst these baptised barbarians.

“ As a means of employing my wife’s fortune to some advantage during this interval, I took a voyage to an island, that shall be nameless, where the different articles I wished to purchase were to be had on the most reasonable terms.

“ Being in the Counting-house of a merchant, with whom I was on the point of making a bargain, to the amount of one hundred pounds, a man entered with intelligence that Pedro, a black female, had declined working, from indisposition, and the man, with a degree of feeling that

evinced, though a slave-driver, that humanity had not entirely absconded, acknowledged that the state of this poor female, being far gone in pregnancy, rendered her unfit for much labour. Yet one of the barbarians in the office, in a jocular kind of way, observed, "She's ill, is she, we must send for the Doctor." He then whispered the driver, and he left the place.

"Our bargain went on to near a conclusion, when a violent scream in the adjacent grounds pierced my ears, which no one seemed to notice. I inquired the cause, though I certainly, from experience, had a shrewd guess, "Its only the Doctor administering a little wholesome medicine to mistress Pedro," replied the same man, and on looking out, dreadful sight! I beheld a black female most indecently exposed, whilst the blood followed every lash of the whip.

"You know, or whether you do or not, I tell you, I'm what they call at Tom Crib's a bit of a quilter, so forthwith, not waiting for further orders, I discharged a right-

hander under the left ear of the flagellator; over he went, and lay at his length, cascading like a sick dog. The people came out to his assistance, but I heeding them not, unloosed the poor woman, and then challenged the whole fry; but cruel men are always cowards, so as they showed no fight, I returned to the Counting-house, where the principal had now arrived, who in a high and pompous tone, though he kept at a convenient distance as well as the rest, began to harangue upon the value of his slave, who would now be ruined by this improper interference, and what would become of the business of the island, if it were not for such like discipline.

“Why,” said I, being a little warmish, “the sooner an end is put to the devil’s business the better, and as to the island, if it were not for the poor blacks, the sooner it sinks into hell the better. You say your slave is valuable, what price do you set upon her?”—“Fifty pounds.”—“Sixty,” exclaimed another, on account of pregnancy.” “There’s your money,” said

I, "let me have a receipt." The receipt was given, and the poor woman brought in, who, conceiving she was now to undergo fresh torture, fell on her knees to supplicate mercy, whilst the tears fell in torrents from her streaming eyes.

"But when informed that no cruelty was to be inflicted, and that she was purchased by me, the joy of the poor thing was quite afflicting. She fell at my feet, embraced my legs, called on the Lord Jesus to bless me, for the Methodists had been amongst them; then clapping her hands over her eyes fell into a chink of crying, till I placed her on her feet, and told her to fear nothing, for she was no longer a slave to any one.

"The contemptible smile that sat on the faces of the human butchers around, convinced me that a piece of cast-iron is as susceptible of impression as a slave-dealer's heart. So leaving the place, with poor Pedro, and the goods unpurchased, by which they lost a good profit, I walked off, telling them, for I spared no language, you may depend upon't, they were a set of

bloody brutes, and that nothing would please me more than to quilt the whole Counting-house.

“ Great God, Mr. Romney, why is this infernal trade suffered to continue, or why was it ever suffered to exist ?

“ As poor Pedro walked with me towards the vessel, I learned that when her former master sold her to the wretch she had just left, he scrupled to purchase her, on account of a child she then had at her breast, upon which, rather than the child should be any impediment the other took it by the leg and threw it into the sea. The purchase-money was then paid, and poor Pedro driven to another plantation.

“ I see, Mr. Romney, you are affected by my clumsy story, and so am I too ; confound it, let's have another glass of toddy *forthwith*, and thank God that it is not procured by the misery of our fellow-creatures.”

If this young man became raised in my estimation by his feeling for the old soldier, he was still more so by this narrative. If

before I thought him a pearl of high price, he now appeared a dandy-dressed diamond of the first water, and I grieved within myself to think that so valuable a being should be lost in levity, possessing a mind that seemed well formed to fill a higher and more useful station in society.

“ Well, Sir, poor Pedo still smarting from the effects of the driver’s lacerating lash, sailed with me *forthwith*; and we arrived safe in Jamaica, *all regular*, where my Betty received her with as kind a welcome as heart could wish. And I do assure you, Mr. Romney, though I have been enabled to spend plenty of money in my time, from the bounty of my good old aunt, yet never were threescore pounds better laid out than on this occasion, and the blessings of poor Pedo caused so pleasant a sensation just under my left ribs, that I think I could like to lay out thousands in the same way.

“ Soon after this we, that is, self, wife, and Pedo set sail for England, and arrived safe in London, with a few hundreds in

our purse, and a warm and ardent desire to behold my near and dear relations.— This was soon accomplished, and my aunt, God bless her, wept upon our necks, and almost smothered us with snuff; my father, to whom I was a stranger, had taken a tour through Scotland, although his mind had scarcely gained its seat since the death of my mother, who lost her life in bringing me into existence.

“ Well, here we remained, *all regular*, six months, and having plenty of money at command, I forthwith saw as much of town rigs as any private gentleman need to do. Now as my wife showed no signs of adding to the family, and poor Pedro being the only prolific mortal amongst us, we, that is, aunt, I, and wife, determined to provide for the little black devil as soon as it popped its little sooty flat nose into this world of sin and wickedness.

“ It was my aunt’s intention to return to her native place as soon as she could conveniently leave London, but having recently heard from Scotland that my

father was worse in mind, travelling about the country without any reasonable motive, and well knowing that the sight of his son would be the most likely means of bringing back his rational faculties, and awakening a warm and pleasant sense of feeling, to which he had long been a stranger, she proposed that I should take a journey into the north in search of him.

“ *All regular*, says I, my dear aunt, post the coal, and I’m off forthwith. Upon which the good old lady placed a hundred pound Bank note in my hand; I kissed her and Betty—nay, even poor faithful Pedro, and jumping on the box, in Lad-lane,—Now, says I, Go it, my hearties, off I set, a father-hunting, and here I am, Mr. Romney, at your service.”

As soon, and indeed long before the conclusion of this interesting narrative, it struck me that the gentleman in the fur cap and plaid, who favoured me with eccentric epistles, must be the person he was in search of. I mentioned my conjectures, but as he had never seen his father, it was

impossible for him to form any conclusion ; and at that moment, who should enter the room, but my friend, Davison, with his amiable wife, the fascinating favourite of Covent-garden Theatre.

No doubt I was highly rejoiced at the meeting, and having introduced my dandy friend, he became equally delighted, and a pleasant evening ensued, till the clock struck twelve, when we parted, in hopes of a happy meeting the following morning.

CHAP. XXVIII.

The morning came, with all the magnificent splendour the glorious sun could produce from the delightful valley, and romantic scenery around ; but no dandy was to be met with. We were informed he left Perth early in the morning, posting away through Dunkeld towards the Highlands.

My friends the Davisons were on their way to Glasgow from Aberdeen, where this most excellent actress had been fully exerting her splendid talents in Mr. Rider's Theatre to crowded houses.

Highly delighted with the sweet place, and being three weeks too soon for her engagement at Glasgow, they wished to pass the time in viewing this most beautiful country.

My time being my own, although it was not in my power to remain long idle, having a far dearer interest than my own to consult, I proposed a joint excursion for a short time, pointing out a few towns on the way, which, in all probability, would, for a night or two, not only pay all expences, but leave something in hand.

The thing was no sooner proposed than accepted, and my Lecture was now to be aided by the superior attraction of Mrs. Davison's Scotch ballads, for which, in that country, she is unequalled, and in England without a rival.

My success and reception in this dear town, for even now I feel pleasure on the contemplation, having enabled me to drive the wolf from the Cot, and the rat from my heart, I began to anticipate scenes of coming pleasure, and Dundee was fixed on to open the campaign.

Leaving Perth, therefore, on this expected pleasant excursion, forgetting that the reality seldom equals anticipation,—we opened the siege at Dundee, and the

citizens surrendered, in numbers, without firing a shot, placing some of the most beautiful females in the boxes on the first night, as hostages of future favour.

This was profitable, but not pleasant, for Dundee is indeed a most dismal place, possessing little or nothing to recommend it, except one of the best edited newspapers, with the exception of the Scotsman, in all Scotland.

The contrast too, was so great, having so recently left the beautiful town of Perth, with its hospitable, and well informed inhabitants, in exchange for the coarseness and vulgarity of drowsy Dundee. However, the society of Mr. and Mrs. Davison made up for all; and after spending a week in this dungeon, we struck our tent, and endeavoured to find out some more pleasing route.

Saint Andrews was strongly recommended, as a place of great antiquity, delightfully situated on the sea coast; thither we bent our course, and found the description had not been exaggerated; indeed the

situation was so pleasant that we determined to remain a week without making any public attempt, merely to enjoy this beautiful retreat; however, several of the first people hearing that Mrs. Davison was in the town, made application, which, of course, it would not have been our interest to decline.

The week here was spent in a way pleasant enough, and in the end productive. The marine view at St. Andrews, over the German ocean, from the beach, is as extensive as the horizon would permit, and the remains of the old castle, which stands on a rock of considerable height, looking perpendicular into the sea, affords an interesting view of a stupendous ruin of great antiquity.

This castle, in those times of ignorance, superstition, and cruelty, was like the rest of castles at that time, no doubt, the Theatre of many a theological and political scene of tyranny and oppression.—One in particular is well authenticated.

About three hundred years ago, when

the Romish faith bore sway in Scotland, and every man was looked upon as an enemy to his Creator, who did not practise their mountebank manœuvres, pay their priests, and hold the Bishop of Rome's great toe in the highest estimation, John Knox came forward endeavouring to break the bands of their horrid superstition, and whilst fire and faggots were consuming heretics by wholesale in his country, boldly strove to quench the conflagration, by pouring in the pure water of simple gospel truths, others arose in various parts, and boldly supported him. Amongst these George Wishart, a youth of singular piety, and independent mind, came forward, and preached against popish pride and popish persecution, for which he was cited before Cardinal Beaton, one of the theological tyrants of those days, and condemned to be burnt alive.

Which was immediately put in execution; and this infamous Prelate, to glut his cruel disposition, by witnessing the

horrid scene, ordered the young man to be tied to a tree within thirty yards of the castle window, in which he placed himself as a spectator ; but, as it is reported, before the fire had consumed this innocent young man, he prophesied that the proud Prelate would soon follow him, which certainly took place in a short time afterwards ; for this cruel act roused the indignation of all thinking men, and, 'tis said, and in my opinion to his credit, though some think otherwise, John Knox was amongst them ; however, a plan was secretly concerted, and boldly executed. This Cardinal resided in the Castle, and although above one hundred labourers were employed in repairing the fortification, yet, early one morning near fifty heroes under different pretences, one by one, some to view the repairs, others on pretended business, obtained admission without suspicion ; and rushing up stairs into the room where the murderer lay, after reproaching him with his various bloody deeds, declared their intention to

punish him with instant death, for the recent murder of the young minister, and in an instant plunged their dirks into his body, then placing a rope round his neck, hung him out of the very same window, in which a few days before he sat to view with pleasure, the agonies of Wishart.

The blood, or something like it, is now exhibited on the stones of the window; but this, however, comes rather in a questionable shape, for that blood should stain a mouldering stone, deep enough to be visible, near three hundred years afterwards, requires a little more faith, than falls to the share of unprejudiced people.

Oh, what havoc have mankind been making with one another throughout the history of all countries. One sect blames another for persecution, and when in power themselves, persecute without mercy—what a pity power should be placed in the hands of priests of any kind. Cardinal Beaton is justly executed by the disciples of Calvin, for burning Wishart at the stake, because he was a

presbyterian.—Whilst Calvin himself burnt Doctor Servitus at the stake, because he was a Unitarian!!!

Pity but there had been a few Unitarian John Knoxes at that time, to have served cruel Calvin, as the Presbyterians did Cardinal Beaton.

From St. Andrews we returned to Perth, on our way to Edinburgh, well pleased with the excursion. It happened to be the sessions, and curiosity led me into the hall of justice, having never witnessed the mode of procedure in courts of law in Scotland. As I approached the place, my surprise was much awakened, by observing my late elegant equipage from Arbrothic—gig and grey mare Barley, at the door of the hall, and seemingly under the care of a person in an official capacity; Sandy, thinks I, like myself, is led by curiosity to hear the trials, or perhaps a witness, or juryman.

I was highly pleased with many of their regulations, which differ much from ours; for instance, the learned counsel

do not plead in disguise, big wigs, black gowns, &c. no one but the judge is permitted to make use of stage effect. In administering the oath, it is not run over, —“ You shall, well, and truly swear, &c.” like a school boy at his lesson ; on the contrary, the judge makes a slow and solemn application to the feelings of the person or persons, who are on the point of appealing to their God, for the truth of what they are about to utter ; but upon the whole, their sentences appear to me more severe than in England for trifling offences, and public flogging, I think, too often inflicted, whereby the culprit becomes more hardened in his iniquity, and desperate in his future conduct, from loss of every hope of future employment, were he even so inclined to reformation, owing to the publicity of his punishment.

Several criminals were tried, and counsel on both sides acquitted themselves with superior talent, skill, and ingenuity ; but who will the reader imagine was placed at the bar for the third trial.—Tell it

not at Forfar, let it not be known at Aughtermaughty—no less a person than my late charioteer, *Sandy Anderson*, whose former ruby nose, and volcanic visage, had either through fear, or lack of his anti-scorbutics, lost all their rich appearance, and a livid hue of horrid aspect covered his whole countenance

Is it possible, and have I associated with a felon, a robber, a murderer, perhaps?

I was, however, eased, in some measure, of my fears, when the indictment was read, stating that *Sandy Anderson* had been detected in conveying certain casks of contraband spirits, called whiskey; for which unlawful act, said *Sandy*, his gig, and grey mare *Barley*, were now in custody.

When I found poor *Sandy's* crime was not a never-to-be-forgiven sin, and taking into consideration his scorbutic infirmity, which so frequently required the aid of his favourite medicine, I inwardly pardoned the poor fellow, and would the judge had

done the same; but, alas! Sandy was found guilty, and sentenced to twelve months banishment, and forfeiture of gig, and grey mare Barley.

As I understood banishment to mean transportation, I could not conceive where they meant to send him for so short a time; and determining within myself to visit him in his prison the next morning, for the purpose of affording all the aid and assistance in my power, I left the court.

Mr. and Mrs. Davison not having heard of Sandy, I made them laugh heartily, by relating the whole of my connexion with him, and they agreed to accompany me in the morning, to visit Sandy in durance vile.

Before I retired that evening, I received a round hard parcel, which the waiter informed me was left by a gentleman, who went in the Edinburgh coach.—On opening it, I found a canister of snuff, and the following note :

“ Perth, Monday or Tuesday, I don’t know which.

“ I perceive you don’t recollect me, and I am glad of it, for it won’t suit my purpose to be known as yet.—The time may come, perhaps.—I saw you in the Hall of Justice to day.—As I can’t be in Glasgow at the time I mentioned, you will oblige me by conveying this canister of snuff, and tell her I’m coming ; she’ll be at the Tontine.

Yours in haste and affliction,

A— C——.”

How was it possible for any creature, not supernaturally gifted, to conceive what was here meant.—This strange flying phenomenon—his eccentric notes—the snuff, and the lady that “ would be glad to see me!!!” All, all was a mystery—to me unfathomable.—Yet, that this was the dandy’s father, I became more and more convinced, from his unsettled state of body and mind.

About twelve o’clock the next morning we visited the prison, and inquired if Anderson could be spoken to ; the door of the inner prison yard faced us, and

there appeared through a small grating, something moving, that resembled part of a red hot poker; on approaching, however, it proved to be the inflamed proboscis of the individual object of our inquiry.

Mr. and Mrs. Davison burst into a fit of laughter, and, much as I pitied the poor fellow, I could not avoid joining them; but what was the most astonishing, Sandy laughed as hearty as any of us. On inquiring the cause of the change in his complexion and countenance, he archly replied,—“Of aw sorrows, a *fou* sorrows best,”—and we soon understood that some friends from *Aughtermaughty* had been over that morning, administering a celebrated anti-scorbutic, prepared by *Doctor Farintosh*, a popular physician in the Highlands.

The admission of strangers was not permitted to criminals under sentence; we conversed through the grate, and a *great* treat it proved to my friends, who, like myself, were fond of character, and Sandy was a *rich* one.

Anderson then gave a short account of his expedition to *Aughtermaughty*, when he left my services at Glames.

“I’m just thinking, Sir, ye never sat at the hinder end of a horse wi’ more ease or comfort tul yoursel, than when the puir *beasty* Barley tugged ye at her tail fra Arbroth to Forfar; but now she’s gone awa.—Ah! ye didna ken when ye fund faut wi’ my gier, that Sandy Anderson’s auld gig had been worn out i’ wheeling whiskey up and doon the country, mony a thousand muskins, Mr. Romney.—Ah, it wad ha done yer heart gude tul ha’ seen the twa bonny ceggs, the Axcese deevils ha tain fra me, and aw because I hadna bawbees enough to bribe the grapuses wi’; but pennyless souls must pine i’ purgatory.—Come here’s a wee drap at the bottom o’ the bottle, just what yer lips wee it, Mr. Romney, and gee’ a drap to these twa bunkles.*” We declined the offer, and after tossing off a thimble

* A Stranger.

full, as he called it, smacking his lips he proceeded;—" Ah, they've done me muckle skaithe, Mr. Romney. I that never missed my kirk o' the Sabath, and was never oot of it one quarter of an hour ilka day, i' aw the preaching week. It's a sare hardship, after ganging the same gait for thirty years, wi' a drop of as gude whiskey as ever came from Glenlevit still, to be taken thus on the sudden.—That I should say so; but I'm just thinking they'll aw gang down the pit o' destruction together, wi' their caeshmaclaver lawyers, and that blethering auld bellwhether i' the big wig.—Then to take puir auld Barley from me, that had drawn whiskey for twenty years, and never lost a cegg before.—I'm say sic wi' trouble, Mr. Romney, that I could greet—Jock M'Farlin, Colin M'Leod, of Aughternaughty, and mysel, were aw that ken'd oot about it; but I've found oot, that three can keep a secret, if twa are awa."

" I'm much astonished, Sandy, that you seem to feel so much for the loss of your

property, and so little for yourself. Are you not banished from your country for twelve months?" "Hoot awa, its a wee bit of a walk over the borders intul England. Many a ane has been banished for twelve months intul that country, and they liked it so weel, that they never come back; besides, ye ken, Mr. Romney, I shall na find my conscience muckle fashed by returning a wee bit sooner, just to look after my family."

We then presented poor Sandy, not with an anti-scorbutic, but with an anti-starvation, which so much exceeded the poor fellow's expectation, that he could not articulate, and blubbered out as we left him, "The Lord bless ye—short folks are soon greeting, their hearts, are so near their een."

And now having successfully finished our excursion, we concluded that to take Edinburgh in our way to Glasgow, having a week to spare, would be the most pleasant way of passing the time, and accordingly, after a romantic ride arrived, in that delightful city late in the evening.

However, late as it was, that is, about nine o'clock, my friends were much inclined to visit the Theatre, and though long ago sick of Plays and Play-houses, I agreed to accompany them.

The Theatre, for the capital of Scotland, is paltry indeed ; but it has one advantage over all others in Scotland, it is generally well filled. The Play was *Rob Roy*, which, though well supported, I had seen so often, that before the conclusion I was nearly asleep.

The Shakspeare Tavern joins the Theatre, and a draught of porter is sometimes, and particularly when overcome with the heat of a full house, an article of immediate necessity. To obtain this salutary beverage between the Play and Farce, I adjourned to the Tavern; which was so closely occupied that scarcely a seat could be had, every room was alike; at last I was shown into one, in which there was a vacant corner. The company were busy discussing the merits of the actors, and of course took little or no

notice of me. There was one amongst them whose features seemed familiar to me, and yet I could not call to mind the person ; however, the following dialogue soon brought him to my recollection, and doubtless will to the reader's, if he has had patience to wade through the three last volumes of this work :

“ Exactly, yer right, Sir, Mr. Mackay was born for Baily Jarvey, there's never been sic a piece of play aing since Mr. Woods performed Glenalvin.”

“ Mr. Woods be —— ; a stick, a walking stalking monument, a pice of clock-work wound up, and artificially set a-going, a Mandarin upon a chimney-piece ; but Scotch prejudices make fools of sensible men, your parsons and your players, if they bother you with something ye do not understand, if they set nature at defiance in one place, and common sense in the other, “ O, he's a fine man, O, he's a great actor ; ” botheration to your prejudices. The manager sets up an idol, and you are sure to worship him. I ought to do the part, gen_

tlement—here's symmetry for a Caledonian character, such a little squeeze crab as that might, represent a French Alderman, but a Scotch member of the corpo, should be a braw lad of symmetry.

“ When I did Baily Jarvey at Glasgow, they did not like it, why? because I was not as diminutive in size, forsooth, as Mr. Mackay. So when I got to Aberdeen I advertised myself as Mr. Mackay, and performed the part to full houses and roaring applause for four nights.—A dead swindle—no matter for that; there's no carrying on the war without it.”

The reader will call to mind this singular character, noticed in the 4th vol.—Mr. Gloster, the misanthropist. Although I despised this man's principles and practices, I had no quarrel with him, but determined, if possible, to avoid an interview, I intended to slip out of the room as soon as possible, but the thing was impossible, for having fixed his eyes steadfastly upon me, he left his chair precipitately, and with

his right hand held up, and the other presented towards me, in the true dramatic style, he led the company to suppose we were on terms of the greatest friendship, by a hearty smack ; a true emblem of theatrical hypocrisy, which, in Gloster's opinion, was the only way to carry on the war.

It is out of my power, at least I think so, to behave unfriendly to any man.—Besides, he was a character, and if his principles would have permitted me to look upon him with respect, most certainly, the meeting would not have been unpleasant.

“ Well, Mr. Romney, how has the world used you since I left you in London, with that *parson* looking warrior?—I really thought you were going to take the veil, that is to parsonize ; you always bore a kind of clericalizing appearance,—then said I to myself—He's right—can't do better—the best trade going all to ribbons.—Theatrical acting is going *out*, and theological acting is coming *in*.—When I lost my engagement at Truro, I thought I'd have a touch

at cantizing myself.—No carrying on the war without an engagement.—Went into the meeting.—Parson a cobbler—Rev. Mr. Jobson—Brimstonized us all—Plate went round for converting the Jews—no converting Jews without money—Nothing but silver to be taken.—Love a scrip,—Grand swindle—Flats stood it well.—So when plate came to me, put in a button-top, and took out a shilling.—That's the way to carry on the war.”

I had often given him my opinion, both on the profligacy of the man's principles, and the impropriety of his conduct; but neither time nor experience, it seems, had any effect; nevertheless, I could not help observing to him, that though the great Poet's adage was, “Conscience makes cowards of us all,” his conscience seemed not in the least alarmed, although the war had been carried on against it for so many years.

“Why, Mr. Romney, as to conscience, I don't comprehend what is meant by the term. I know there are strong prejudices

early implanted in the mind by pedagogues, that a man must get rid of, or he is not fit to carry on the war in this world, where hypocrisy and swindling, are the order of the day.—Once these plaguy prejudices gave me some uneasiness, and I found the world so miserable to me, that I determined to carry on the war no longer, and cast about in my mind, which would be the pleasantest way of leaving it. First, I thought of pistolizing, but the idea of a man of *symmetry*, lying like a dead dog till somebody found him, was unpleasant; then, drowning struck me, to be most pleasant, as no injury would be done to the *symmetry*, if soon found, but as I could not be assured of that, and becoming food, for fish, not being pleasant, I concluded the *rope*, above any other mode, would convey with it, the most pleasant way of ending the war, because, the *symmetry* would then be displayed to advantage;—besides, Sir, the pistol and the water, would admit of no retraction—no change of opi-

nion—no going part of the way, and, if one found things unpleasant—returning. But, by launching off on the rope, with a sharp extricator in one's hand, called a knife; if things were unpleasant, a small cut above the head—down you are, ready to carry on the war again." Whether he meant this hyperbole, as a joke, or in earnest, I cannot say; but, should fear the latter, from his strange way of thinking.

The play had now concluded, and the company in the tavern increased. I therefore bade adieu to Mr. Gloster, after promising to witness his performance of *Pier*, the next night; wherein, he said, "I'll bring to your remembrance, George Cook, improved in elegance of attitude, and surpassing symmetry of person," adding, "you'll do me the honor to *muttonize* with me to-morrow;" to which, I made a plausible excuse, and left him.

Bartley's tavern, my usual place of rendezvous, and one of the most neat, reasonable, and comfortable inns, in the three kingdoms, afforded me, by much, the most

pleasant retreat I had met with, since my departure from my own fireside felicity.

Every thing is done here in the English style. I do not mean to say that the *English* style is any better than the *Scotch*,—nay, in some things, not so good, except in Cookery; and here it must be acknowledged we have a superiority. At Bartley's they do not spoil good meat, and you have the privilege of draught malt liquor, a comfort scarcely to be had throughout Scotland,—Edinburgh and Glasgow excepted, and not in many places to be met with even in those rich and populous towns.

Another thing.—At Bartley's tavern, a means of social intercourse is established, never before customary in Scotland, except at the *Coach Tavern*, in *Glasgow*, conducted with civility and attention, by honest David Mackintosh; in these places of resort, respectable people meet promiscuously, in a public bar; who, though perhaps, they never met before, soon become as social and friendly as though they had been acquainted all their lives.

Formerly if a stranger lacked society in Scotland, and expected to find a social being or two in the public room, at some tavern, he was sure to be dissatisfied; for on inquiry, he was told in the first place, that there was no public room; and in the second, that every private room was full; for there was twa Ben, M. John Macmullin, and Mr. Sandy Wilson, and there was twa i' the best room up stairs, and there was twa i' the other room; so that though they called the rooms full, there were but six persons to occupy the whole house, each party luxuriously quaffing small beer, oatmeal, and whiskey—a strange hodge podge, but every man to his taste.

How the poor publicans at that time, contrived to pay their rents, with such custom, is astonishing.

To these kind of unsocial customs, I ascribe that freezing distance, and silent suspicious moroseness, so frequently heretofore met with in Scotland; but now thanks to Messrs Bartley and Mack-

intosh, and by this time I hope many others, English, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish, meet in friendly intercourse, and “stir about the toddy.”

Pity that they did not sooner know, what I hope now they are well acquainted with, that what is the interest of the one, is the interest of the other.—That we are all brethren—children of one parent—subjects of one king, whose wish, I trust is, to shew no partiality, but to allow equal rights to the whole, so that his subjects may, one and all, sing “God save the king,” as a solemn appeal from *grateful hearts*, and a *free* people, but not as a *hypocritical loyalty*, called for by placemen, and promoted by pensioners.

Thus comfortably settled, Mr. and Mrs. Davison preferring private lodgings, I next morning waited on Mr. Archibald Constable, publisher of the works, erroneously, I think, attributed to Sir Walter Scott. My reasons for this singular opinion, I shall give at a future period.

Mr. Jones, generally styled, and with great propriety, gentleman Jones, of the Theatre, with whom I had long been on terms of intimacy, called on me, and I experienced a degree of sincere pleasure, in finding this young man had become stationary in the Edinburgh Theatre, supporting a first line of parts, approved of by the audience as an actor, and in private life esteemed as a gentleman. From him I learned that my old facetious acquaintance, Major Downs, well known in the theatrical world, had paid the debt of nature, a few months ago, in his way from Scotland to London. *Peace to his manes.*

Mr. Jones insisted, a la Gloster, on my muttonizing with him that day, to which I acceded with pleasure.

I found Mr. Constable the same pleasant, hearty, prepossessing being he had always appeared to me, and the kind reception I at this time met with, leads me now to think of it with gratitude, and to mention it with pleasure.

Here too I was favoured with an invitation to dinner on the next day, so that my time bid fair to pass pleasantly during my short stay in this elegant, charming place, for such it is beyond all description.

But what avail pleasant prospects, respectable society, and a comfortable Inn, when the rat of unpleasant reflection begins to nibble at the heart.—Such was my case, pecuniary efforts, though moderately productive, had not been sufficiently so, to enable me both to remit to the cottage of comfort, and remain long idle. The red pocket-book began to give hints of hollowness, and various interior vacuities were perceptible to the naked eye. Luckily I had a few sets of the Itinerant with me, and these, through the kind efforts of my friends, Jones, Bartley, and the worthy Gillchrist, were soon disposed of, and the rat, for a while, was scared away.

Previous to the dinner hour, sauntering down Leith-walk with my friend Gillchrist, a person addressed me with much more politeness than appearances would warrant,

or a more shabby looking mortal could scarcely be imagined. **Manager Davies**, the **Roscius** of all slovens, when he met me at the Inn, at Taunton, mentioned in the first vol. of this work, was a beau to this man.

CHAP. XXIX.

“ Sir, your most obedient, I doubt you have not the pleasure of my acquaintance, that is, I beg pardon, you do not recollect me, and indeed if you did, it would not be much to your credit, for I am, as you see, *seedam castor*, *seedam toggy*, and as to my shirt, perhaps the least said about it the better, for as Tony Lebrun observes in your Itinerant, it requires a map to find the way into it.—Sir, I was formerly in your company at Worcester, with Powell Penn, Richards, &c. and though our shares were but small, our toggs were decent, and we managed to get a share of the good things of this world; but now, Sir,” viewing himself, “ you see how the land lies.—Pockets are useless—and as to night caps, the first floor of a

hay-loft is a bed of down to poor Scroggins."

There was a degree of what I call comic pathetic, in this man's address, far more effective to a mind not lost in sensuality, than a downright appeal to the feelings, and in plain terms craving relief: this was exemplified in my friend Gilchrist, and I perceived his hand stealing towards his pocket, whilst a tear stood in his eye; for though, as Shakspeare says, "he was one of your fat sleek fellows that sleep o' nights," his heart never slept in the day.

But as I did not think it prudent to give way to feelings, however generous, from the impulse of the moment, without further investigation, I stepped in between my friend and the object of his commiseration, and observed,

"I think I recollect something of your name, Mr. Scroggins, but time makes a wonderful alteration in us all—thirty years ago you must have been a young man. What line of business did you sustain?"

"The lovers, Sir, the lovers," placing

his hand to his breast, "pathos was my forte, though some thought otherwise—no matter for that.—Do you recollect, Sir, my Romeo? I believe it will never be forgot in Worcester—'Arise fair sun.'"—He was proceeding pretty loudly with the speech, accompanied with action, which I plainly saw might be more attractive than pleasant or profitable, and therefore begged he would be less energetic, lest the Leith-walk audience, might not be so well inclined towards him as the Worcester. I then inquired how he had passed his time since he had left that country.

"In the old way, Sir, never satisfied, flying from company to company, astonished at the stupidity of the world—no discernment, fancied myself a *star*, others thought I was a dark lantern—always escaped the great bird* however."

—Run the gauntlet for twenty years through all the managers, from Huggins to Buggins—from old Biggs, to old Hughes—

* The Goose.

Mother Baker, Mother Easey, Welch, Quelch, Snags, Sprags, Sims, and Fraiser. In short, Sir, there is not a manager from Bristol to Bullock Smythy, that I have not, according to managerial slang, *rode in the same boat with*.—And I have found, though too late, that a stage coachman is better off than a stage player; and I think, from experience, I am as well qualified to write a stricture on starving, as any unfortunate homo that ever stepped between trap and lamp. I hope this gentleman is an actor, or he'll think me an odd fish.—In your company, I presume, Mr. Romney?"

"Why yes, Mr. Scroggins, this gentleman is in my company at present; a fine light figure for the fops, is he not?—My friend laughed heartily. But it raises my wonder, Mr. Gloster that when you found yourself so unsuccessful in the pathos, as you say, you did not take some other parts in the Drama."

"Mr. Romney, a wise man changes his mind often, a fool never; I was a fool, Sir, an infernal fool—there, perhaps, is not a

better pantomimic performer in the kingdom, than I am at this moment, and for Harlequin."—Here he took a short run in the harlequin trip, and coming back struck an attitude, which so struck the people passing, that we began to wish ourselves well quit of our companion.—I therefore no longer restrained my friend's liberality, whose circumstances enabled him to indulge the feelings of his heart with less inconvenience than I could; we then jointly placed into his hand what it was plain to perceive he did not expect, and at the same time I promised to use my interest to procure a small subscription for him the next day at the Theatre; "if," added I, as we left him, "the attempt will not hurt your feelings;" upon which, placing himself in a theatrical attitude, and touching his hat, in pompous declamation, he repeated, "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung."

A pleasant day followed without any alloy till towards the evening. Three

intelligent people are company sufficient, and more especially amongst the sons of the drama, conversation seldom flags; an extensive knowledge of the world, and gentlemanly behaviour, render the time peaceable, instructive, and pleasant.

At play time we all retired, and as I had promised Gloster to be present that evening, I took my seat before the play began, and witnessed several scenes of his *Pier*, which certainly went off well enough, for Gloster was by no means a bad actor, but the plainness of his face, and the pains he took to display his symmetry, as he called it, were very much against him.

I was rather surprised not to find Gloster's name in the bills of the day; but this he accounted for afterwards in his usual way. Long before the Play was concluded I retired to the Shakspeare, and over a draught of most excellent porter, filled up a leaf in my common place book, with the day's occurrences, till the arrival of Mr. Gloster, who soon

made his appearance, and looked full of expectation, as much as to say, "There, Sir, I think you'll say I've been down upon the natives this time, however."

But as I cannot take any pleasure in feeding the vanity of the vain, nay, as I rather take pleasure in mortifying it, I evaded his efforts to bring forward the night's performance as a topic of conversation, and to keep off the subject introduced the rencounter I had that day with the broken-down actor, Scroggins, and my promise to promote a subscription for him amongst the performers. Irritated to a considerable degree at my silence with respect to his acting, his temper, at no time of a charitable feeling, now became warm; and when I proposed that he should promote the thing for the poor man, with some warmth he replied, "I'll see him d——d first; that's not the way to carry on the war at all."

"What, am I to puff and strut away my hour on the stage, for the support of every dirty pitch and hussel? Cut me

down, who, too idle to work himself, expects me to work for him? Very pleasant, indeed. No, Sir, I make a point of never parting with money, except to get more—that's the way to carry on the war."

"You forget, Mr. Gloster, the many scenes of distress you have experienced, which one would think, would lead you to commiserate others; and Scroggins is a brother labourer in the vine-yard."

"It's quite in vain, Mr. Romney, for this ghost of Giles Scroggins to haunt me. The Tread-mill, Sir, is the place for him—the poor ought all to be placed there—poverty is a never-to-be-forgiven sin. I hate them all, myself too, when I am poor, while at the same time I've a warm affection and high reverence for every *rich* man.—I'm always booing, especially just before my benefit—there's no carrying on the war without it."

"If that's your way of carrying on the war, I must say, I should prefer *peace* and *poverty*."—Finding that it would be

as easy to procure warm water from under ice, as soften the callous lump, called a heart, that this man was supposed to possess, I changed the subject, and inquired why the name of Gloster was not in the bill.

“ Convenience, Sir ; I’ve always a fresh name in every country I visit ; the public like variety, and it prevents unpleasant visitors from former situations.”

Soon after this I left the Tavern, determined to disgrace myself no longer with such society, and left Mr. Gloster to carry on the war as he chose.

CHAP. XXX.

The Farce of *High Life below Stairs* had just commenced, and as the hour was rather early I returned to the Theatre, but found my box occupied by two ladies and an old gentleman, the whole party seemingly in a state of considerable agitation, from the annoyance of an intoxicated student, who sat behind them, and whose indecent conversation had caused the old gentleman to reply with more spirit than he had bodily strength to support.

This was a scene I could not silently witness, and thinking that two old gentlemen would be more intimidating than one, I, in as cool a manner as I could, requested the young man would consider that he was addressing ladies, whose sex,

appearance, and conduct, demanded respect from every man who bore any claim to the character of a gentleman.

“ You think so, do you ? well, I think otherwise.”

My interference had some effect, and for a while there was a cessation of hostilities, but still I perceived the collegian was bent on mischief, from the wickedness of his countenance ; and as the old gentleman led the ladies out of the box, I offered my hand to the other, by way of protection from further insult.

We had not proceeded far in Prince's-street, before we were overtaken by the student, who now conceiving no one was near capable of contending with him, gave loose to both verbal and personal insult, and clasping the lady under my protection, in his arms, proceeded to take improper liberties. I was determined, if possible, to prevent this, to the uttermost of my power ; and being aware that I had no chance in a struggle, I summoned all the strength I possessed, and struck the sharp point of my umbrella into his face

with such force that the blood copiously followed the blow; the pain of which caused him to release the lady, who ran to me for protection, and thinking my antagonist would not renew the conflict I proceeded with my fair charge as fast as we could move towards her residence; but I was quite mistaken in my man.—He again overtook us, and his vengeance being now solely aimed at me, he came up, fully determined to floor me at a blow, and being an athletic young man, with whom I could not compete, I must confess I wished myself any where else; however, placing the lady behind me, and holding up the umbrella to ward off, if possible, the blow, which in a desperate attitude he prepared to inflict, I stood ready, as I thought, to be sacrificed on the spot. But just as his arm was uplifted, some one, who just then came up, placed a violent blow under the ear of the miscreant, which instantly sent him headlong to the pavement, with a tremendous crash, whilst the victor stood over him, exclaiming, “*Ha, how did ye come?*”

My situation will be duly appreciated by the reader, I entertain not the smallest doubt. Such a quick transition of strong feeling, from fear of immediate destruction to strong emotions of pleasing and grateful sensations to my brave eccentric deliverer, from the sudden surprise, worked me up to a kind of enthusiasm, and though not in the habit of embracing men, on the impulse of the moment, I took the hero in my arms, and hailed him as the deliverer of two amiable girls; and, now, two very happy old gentlemen, whilst the ladies, in tears of gratitude, called down a thousand blessings upon his head.

“ All regular, ladies and gentlemen ; I rejoice to have been the means of freeing you from the insults of a scoundrel ; but come, let me see you all home in safety, and then for a jollification at Bartley’s, eh, Romney ? ”

The other old gentleman now, for the first time, opened his mouth, his alarm having been greater than the ladies ; and had it not been for seizing hold of some

iron railing, he must have sunk ; being a timid old bachelor, and although a Scotchman, of a thin, spare habit, pampered by independent indulgence, and unused to such contentions ; a sort of chimney ornament, looking as if a touch would break him all to pieces. He was uncle to the girls, and expressed his gratitude in warm and elegant terms.

We now left the College hero, who had shown signs of life, by creeping on his hands and knees to the wall ; and having accompanied the party to their residence, where lodging our charge in safety, we prepared to return, although the old gentleman pressed hard for our company to supper, and as the girls presented their hands at parting, he called out, in a jocular way, “ Loddies, *pray* their *mous*, *pray* their *mous* ; ye deserve unca weel of us aw.” My friend not understanding the term, I set the example, so we were each honoured with a salute, and parted.

Good wine is most certainly a good thing in moderation, and at proper times, but at night wine has no charms for me.

My friend, however, thought otherwise ; and as we ascended the stairs to a private room at Bartley's, he called loudly for a bottle of claret ; a piece of extravagance that I should have thought myself highly imprudent to join in, had I not been convinced that no share of the expence would fall to me, and certainly a person, who is not a valetudinarian, may struggle with half a bottle of good claret.

“ You are too liberal, my friend ; why claret ? toddy is more calculated for the evening ; if you go on in this way, your aunt's hundred will soon be gone.”

“ All regular—its gone already ; and the old lady has this day remitted me another—bless her old snuffy nose.—Come, here's her health, may she live a thousand years.—I have to thank you, my good Sir, for your caution at the Billiard Table, in Aberdeen. I found 'em out, thanks to your hint, before I was quite cleared out—so set down as your friend and debtor, Alexander——Ah ! I declare I had, as near as a toucher, told you my name.”

“And why not, Sir; you are not ashamed of it, I am sure.”

“No, certainly not; but my word of honour is pledged to my aunt, who made me promise, before I left home, to travel through Scotland under the title of M'Farlin, and on no account make my real name public, which is not M'Farlin, but—there again.—I declare there is something so confidential in your character that I could almost—no I wont.—My word of honour is passed to an old angel, a Lundy-foot angel, a snuffy angel in petticoats. However, some day you shall hear all about it, at present I am Alexander M'Farlin, at your service.”

He then informed me of the route he had taken through the Highlands, in quest of his father, and added, “I often thought it a kind of wild goose chase, because how was I to know my father, whom I had never seen? although, from my aunt's description, I am led to think the person you saw at Arbroth must be him, yet she says nothing about the fur cap, and Tartan plaid.”

“But, sir, it seems the gentleman does not always dress alike, for the waiter at *Perth*, who delivered me the parcel, said he had received it from an old military looking gentleman, in a white straw hat, and blue surtout.”

I then produced the last note that accompanied the snuff, upon which the young man became very thoughtful, and placing his hand on his forehead, leaned on the table some time; at last I inquired the cause of his thoughtfulness.

“I am thinking, Mr. Romney, and perhaps you’ll be surprised that I should think at all, that I have been travelling one whole day in my father’s company, and did not know it, fool that I was, but your description of his costume leads me to look for a fur cap and Scotch plaid.

“The gentleman that you now describe came on the mail with me to Edinburgh, and was set down at the Bull Inn, Leith road, on last Wednesday, and perhaps may be there yet.” Then rising in high glee, “Hark! to Finder.---Who knows,

we may yet unkennel the old fox; come, here's his health, I've now got the scent, and I'll pursue it in the morning."

This appeared to be a very probable conjecture, and we separated, agreeing to visit the *Bull* as early in the morning as possible.

It is well known that a Scotch breakfast is, to a man of a sound constitution, one of the greatest and at the same time one of the most innocent luxuries in the world.

The table was set, and on one of Mrs. Bartley's clean damask table-cloths were spread, tea, coffee, marmoled, potted beef, cold fowl, &c &c, and we were just seated with appetites proportioned to the excellence of the meal, when the door flew open, and a person in a kind of inquisitorial costume, entered the room. My friend conceiving this an impertinent intrusion, in his usual way, exclaimed, "Ha! how did ye come?" and rose, no doubt, to revenge the insult, when the officer civilly inquired "If Mr. Alexander M'Farlin was in the

room," to which my friend replied, "I am known by that appellation;" "then, sir, you are my prisoner, and must instantly be conveyed to a place of confinement till the *Lord Provost's* hour of attendance at the Town-hall. But, however, gentlemen as your breakfast is prepared, and Mr. Bartley has assured me that I have gentlemen to deal with—I shall wait your own time."

In a moment every eatable inclination fled, the table-cloth looked dirty, the tea and coffee smelt nauseous, the marmoled, potted beef, and fowl, appeared stale, and this beautiful breakfast bore an aspect as horrid as a Haggis! Such is the effect of mind on the physical powers.

"All regular—your indulgence is kind, and your confidence shall not be misplaced. There was a disturbance last night in Prince's-street; is that the cause of this visit?" "I believe it is, sir; a young gentleman student was found nearly lifeless last night in Prince's-street, from an unprovoked assault he sustained, as he states, from you."

“I’ll attend you forthwith.” He then advised me to endeavour to find out the old gentleman’s house, and request him to bring the two young ladies, whose evidence would be very material, immediately to the court.

He then accompanied the officer and two more who joined him in the street, towards the Town-hall, and I as expeditiously as possible made the best of my way towards the old gentleman’s house, feeling confident I could easily recollect it. Having paced pretty quickly over the *North Bridge*; just as I came opposite the theatre, the *Glasgow* mail drove furiously past, and who should be seated on the top but the military gentleman in the straw hat, and blue surtout, who on observing me waved his hand and bowed respectfully.

Who can say one hour what he’ll do the next? We intended to have visited the Bull, the first thing in the morning, and if we had, a happy explanation would doubtless have taken place, but it was

then too late, the bird was flown, and father and son might never meet again.

I had by this time reached the house, and the old gentleman and his nieces gave me a hearty welcome, but the moment they heard of the situation of their brave protector, hats and cloaks were on in an instant, and arm in arm we all proceeded towards the seat of justice.

The Lord Provost had not taken his seat, and we found the officer advising my friend to employ able counsel, naming Mr. Jefferies.

“Employ the devil, sir! An innocent man stands in no need of an advocate.” The officer was proceeding, when the sight of our old gentleman prevented any reply, and he received a general mark of respect from every one as we passed up the court; then placing the ladies under my care in a seat near the bench, he retired for a short time, but soon returned in company with the *Lord Provost*, who politely moved to the ladies, and then called on the person who had received the

supposed injury to make his charge against *Alexander M'Farlin*, gentleman.

But such a figure sure never entered a court of justice as the student now exhibited ; his head was wrapped in various cloths, which covered a black eye, a broken nose, and a hole in his left cheek. These proofs of cruel treatment he uncovered, and stammered out the following address :—

“ My Lord, I am here before your lordship to obtain redress for the injuries which your lordship will plainly perceive I have recently sustained. About eleven o'clock last night I was attacked by two men in Prince's-street, with intent to rob, if not murder ; from one I received this hole in my cheek, by the point of a dirk or bayonet, and when in the act of defending myself, a violent blow from an accomplice, who just then came to the assistance of his comrades, laid me senseless on the pavement. My lord, I have, with difficulty, traced one of the assassins from the singularity of his dress, for he generally appears under the dis-

guise of what is commonly called a modern *dandy*; his name is Alexander M'Farlin; I understand he is at the head of a gang of nightly depredators, who have long infested this city, and though I have suffered much, I nevertheless rejoice in this opportunity of bringing a delinquent to public justice."

The lord Provost then inquired whether the plaintiff could ascertain either of the other culprits, to which he replied in the negative. When *I*, with more courage than prudence rose, "My lord, I confess that *I* have the honour to be one of those who last night rescued these two ladies from the rude and insulting grasp of that *miscreant*, and the hole in his cheek was caused by the sharp point of this umbrella."

Here the old gentleman who sat near the *Provost*, and whom the ladies informed me sustained a high official situation, requested me to sit down. He then rose and thus addressed the student:—

"And pray, sir, as you now are in possession of two of the offenders, could

you by no means point out the third?" Here was a short silence. "Come, sir, try your hand, look round the court, perhaps you may recollect him." "Well, then my Lord, as the other delinquent cannot be ascertained by the gentleman, for your Lordship's information, I'll introduce him to your notice. My Lord, I am that culprit, to the everlasting confusion of that man, if I can call him one, who has disgraced his sex by insulting innocent, and, as he thought, unprotected females. Yes, my Lord, I was one of the three *bloody* murderers." Here a general laugh took place, in which, viewing the spare figure of the old gentleman, even the Lord Provost could not avoid joining. He then proceeded for at least half an hour, and in a most eloquent and severe harangue painted the conduct of the student in colours so detestable, that his situation became absolutely pitiable.

The Lord Provost then informed him that had it not been for the severe punishment already inflicted, he should have advised the Ladies to commence an action against

him for an assault, which would have been attended with serious consequences, and he now might leave the court with that disgrace he had so dearly purchased, and so justly deserved. He then retired amidst the hisses and execrations of the people. We all soon followed, but the old gentleman insisted on our dining with the Ladies at three o'clock, a matter with me totally impossible, on account of my engagement with Mr. Constable ; however, my friend M'Farlin, for so at present he must be distinguished, accepted the invitation, and I promised to join the party at tea time, but I no sooner informed him that the military gentleman with a straw hat was by this time one third of the way towards Glasgow, than with much disappointment in his countenance, he exclaimed, "The Devil he is! Then I am off forthwith," and on inquiry finding that a Glasgow coach left Edindurgh in an hour from that time, he took a place, and leaving me to apologise to the old gentleman, and to the ladies, set off once more in pursuit of his father.

I always considered a promise, as binding as a bond, but more particularly so to a person in difficulties, whose distress I had some small power to alleviate ; having, therefore, a few hours to spare previous to Mr. Constable's dinner time, I sallied forth in quest of poor Scroggins, the actor, for whom, through the medium of my friend *Jones*, I had procured a small subscription principally from *Theatricals*, whose *hearts* are generally more expanded than their *purses* ; he had left his address at my residence, nevertheless the difficulty of finding him was far greater, and more unpleasant than I had formed any conjecture of.

CHAP. XXXI.

In Edinburgh, though the town is in some parts the most neat and beautiful, yet the dwellings of the wretchedly poor, which are numerous, partake of the same dirt and filth, to be met with amongst the poor in all large towns. To make one's way to these miserable hordes, it is necessary in this town, to burrow through narrow entries, called wints, amidst various kinds of odoriferous perfumes, arising from perceptible causes. One lofty house contains perhaps two or three families on each flat or landing, to the height of seven stories. After paying an old woman to pilot me through these wints, and up four score steps, I at last arrived at a miserable dwelling, the interior of which could be discerned through the crevices of the crazy door.

It was easy to perceive the object of my search stretched on a miserable lump of rags, meant to represent a bed; he was not undressed, nor yet asleep, for by his side lay a tortoise-shell cat, which seemed to engross the whole of his attention. To a gentle rap at the door, he answered, "Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut; come in, I fear no uncle's dead."

"Or living either, I hope, sweet cousin." This reply roused him, and covering his cat with a part of the ragged bed-clothes, he came to the door, and as he opened it, "What bloody scene has Roscius now to act?" But when he found who was his visitor, the poor fellow's eyes glistened with a small gleam of anticipated comfort, long a stranger to his mind, arising, no doubt, from the recollection that I had promised him pecuniary assistance.

"Sir, you're right welcome to Denmark: the cabin is as comfortable as circumstances will permit. I recollected not your voice, and being a week in

arrears of rent for my room, I feared it was 'mine hostess of the garter' coming for the reckoning. The stage keeper has forgot that a chair is wanted in this scene ; but Mrs. Godolphin, an Irish lady, who dresses in the next room, will accommodate me with one *for this night only*, and positively, I hope, my last appearance in this part." He then called out, "Wont you lend me a chair, Godolphin ; to which the lady, in a hoarse voice, replied, "To be sure, I'll do that same thing, Mr. O'Scroggins ; bad luck to the Godolphins, if they would withhold a bit of a support to the posteriors of a gentleman ; besides, Mr. O'Scroggins, an old stool is a mighty awkward thing to ask a dacent friend to dine upon."

A chair being now produced, I opened my business without further preface, for every thing around bore so much the appearance of misery in the extreme, that I wished to leave it as soon as possible.—Therefore placing a five pound note in his hand, I added, "Mr. Scroggins, this is the

contribution of the ladies and gentlemen of the Edinburgh Theatre, you'll keep in mind, "In my mind's eye Horatios, in my heart of hearts." he replied, whilst a grateful tear seemed to say, I feel more than I can express; therefore to change the subject, I observed, "Pray, Mr. Scroggins, what's become of your cat?" "What, you have found me out, Mr. Romney? Well, 'a plague of all cowards, I say.' *Desdemona* shall make her appearance—*Des, Des, Des.*" The cat then came from under the rags, and undoubtedly had been a beautiful creature; but time, that alters all things, had visibly laid heavy hands upon her.

"There, Sir, now you behold the once lovely *Desdemona*.—Poor *Dessey*," continued he, taking the animal on his knee, "full fifteen years, Mr. Romney, she has played her part, with applause, from all quarters of the house, in my small company, for a small salary, and without any Benefit. Ah, many a hundred miles from town to town, I've pennyless paced the

dreary roads, with Desdy on my back, and my darling Sally on my arm.—Out, out, thou strumpet, fortune.” Here a heavy sigh stole from him. “ But Sally has played her part.—The curtain dropped, and the *Grave-digger* closed the scene. Poor Sally !—she was an actress, take her all in all, Mr. Romney,—but no matter ; she loved Desdy, and was to me kind, and gentle as a lamb.

“ Wife a Mouse,
Quiet House ;
Wife a Cat,
Dreadful that,

So Scroggins and his poor Desdy, will die together.”

As I fear not the jests and sneers of scoffers, or the taunts of the unfeeling, and value those heavenly sensations that arise from commiseration beyond any other that I am acquainted with, I shall, without hesitation, confess that the feeling mode in which this unfortunate man addressed his cat, simple as it may appear, and

the heart-felt sigh for his departed wife, produced an effect upon the organs of vision, that required the aid of a pocket-handkerchief, and I heartily wished the *five* pounds had been ten, nay twenty.

On my way down so many steps, I had sometimes an interior view of the dwellings on each landing, wherein human wretchedness seemed to have reached its climax. Meeting Gloster in the street, I could not help moralizing on the inconsistency, if not hypocrisy, of many who call themselves *Christians*, and pretend to be members of a religion, the very foundation of which is charity, yet roll in luxury themselves, whilst their next-door neighbours are literally starving from want. “They are right, sir; to part with money is *unpleasant* to a Scotchman, and not very pleasant to an Englishman. If long sermonizing, long prayerizing, turning over leaves to find texts; Kirkizing from morning till night, and not whistling on Sundays, will send a man to heaven, Sandy will be in the advanced ranks. But if a good

bargain is to be had, even by the ruin of his dearest friend, its *aw right*. For religion has nothing to do with the things of this world. Ah, Sandy *kens* the way to carry on the war.”

The bad opinion this misanthropist entertained of human nature in general, led him to the above false conclusion, and I left him in disgust.

Good wine needs no bush, and a well known hospitable character needs no encomiums. I shall, therefore, say little on the subject of Mr. Constable's reception of me, or the kind attentions I experienced from his accomplished lady; suffice it to say, the dinner was good, the wine was excellent, and the society of his eldest son, a well informed, liberal young man, rendered the afternoon one of those pleasant rational times, on which a man can contemplate without remorse, even in his most serious moments.

It was generally rumoured that Mr. Constable, the publisher, had purchased the copy-right of all the popular novels, supposed to proceed from the pen of Sir

Walter Scott. I introduced the subject in the course of the afternoon. "Mr. Constable, I understand you have given twelve thousand pounds to Sir Walter Scott, for the copy-right of the Novels, said to be written by that gentleman."

"No, sir, I have not given twelve thousand pounds to Sir Walter Scott, but to the anonymous author of the works you mention."

This brought on a conversation concerning the great unknown, but in spite of all my efforts, no information was to be obtained, perhaps withheld, either from prudence or ignorance of the truth, I should think the latter, and as it is my intention to give an opinion on this mysterious subject as boldly as circumstances will permit, I must plainly state that I conceive the publisher to be as ignorant on the subject, as myself. My opinion is founded on surmises, arising out of concomitant circumstances, that I think bring forward a mass of circumstantial evidence militating much against the general opinion of Sir Walter's being the author.

A question will here naturally arise—
“ If Sir Walter Scott be not the author,
who is ?—Aye, there’s the rub.

I shall first give my reasons for entertaining doubts upon the subject of Sir Walter’s being the author, and conclude my remarks, by stating a few facts, to prove that my doubts are not without a reasonable foundation.

There is some difficulty attendant upon this, for whenever the truth cannot be plainly spoken, every attempt to give an opinion must be involved in mystery ; however, the literary world, more especially in the north, will easily comprehend it.

Whenever the reputation of a man is established, for almost every excellence, and such is Sir Walter Scott’s, save and except his connection with that infamous vehicle of defamation and lies, called the *Scotch Beacon*, his word is esteemed as highly as his bond, and whatever he asserts as fact, carries conviction to the mind of every one who is acquainted with the greatness of his character.

Now I take upon me to say that Sir Walter Scott has never yet publicly acknowledged himself the author of the works in question; and I likewise take upon me to say that he *has publicly*, if there is any credit to be placed in newspaper reports, *denied it*, when questioned by the *highest personage in the kingdom*; and it must have been noticed, that whenever the health of Sir Walter Scott has been given, as the author of the above works, at a public dinner, he always disowned the authorship, by stating that he had no claim to the high appellation they had honoured him with, and returned thanks, in the name of the *anonymous* author.

Now, why, and wherefore is all this mystery? There must be a motive.—And what is it? Would the sale of the work have been impeded, by the name of Walter Scott in the title-page? Certainly not. Would Sir Walter's popularity, as a literary character, have been injured, by avowing himself the author? Certainly not.

If, then, these points are allowed, can

any rational being give a rational reason for Sir Walter's withholding his name, if he *is* the author? Yes, *I* can; and the most proper of all reasons, because he is *not* the author, in my opinion; and although he knew from the first, that his name would have been a tour of strength to the works, he possessed too much honour to affix it to a falsehood.

It will then, most probably, be asked, if Sir Walter Scott is not the man, why withhold the name of the real author? For a very good reason; the name of the *real* author would have injured the sale of the works.

A gentleman of high respectability, and on whose veracity every reliance may be placed, favoured me with the following note, which I now give with his signature:

Liverpool, July 23, 1823.

MY DEAR SIR,

Captain Bruce, of the 1st Native Infantry, who corresponded with Sir Walter Scott, produced a letter of Sir Walter's, wherein he stated most decidedly,

that he was not the author of the Scotch Novels. This occurred on board the ship *True Briton*, on a voyage to India.

J. H. COMMANDER.

These I humbly conceive are conclusive reasons, for Sir Walter Scott's not acknowledging himself to be the great unknown.

The name of this astonishing personage, for reasons known, it is hoped only to a few, is, and ever will be, *anonymous*. Under this title, then, we must acknowledge him.

This Mr. Anonymous, not Sir Walter, some time after he left Edinburgh, being fond of change of scene, as a stimulus to his fruitful fancy, took up his residence at Hexham, in Northumberland. The person who gave me this information, happened to lodge in the same house with him. Men of great genius are often great oddities; and the singularity of this gentleman's conduct awakened the curiosity of his fellow lodger, for most of the day

he sacrificed to Somnos, and nearly the whole of the night, to the muses.

One morning, passing the author's apartment, before he was up, the door happened to be invitingly open, and observing some manuscripts with writing apparatus on the table, curiosity got the better of good manners, and he ventured to peruse a page or two, which proved to be a part of one of the novels, that soon after made its appearance in the world, under the auspices of Sir Walter Scott.

The difference in the style of the writings that are acknowledged by Sir Walter Scott, and those from the pen of the anonymous author, form a kind of collateral evidence in favour of my opinion; however, let who will be the author, it must be acknowledged he has no equal existing at the present day; and I take the short and the long of the matter to be this.—

A man of superior talent and genius writes a Novel, but not being on good

terms with the public himself, and aware that the knowledge of the real author would retard his success, carries his work to another man, of *equal* talent, and *high* in popular estimation.—He reads, approves, agrees to revise, correct, supply the poetry, and publish under his patronage, but *without* his name.

CHAP. XXXII.

During my short stay in Edinburgh, I formed an acquaintance with a singular character, in a most singular way. Bartley's Hotel, or Tavern, at the time I arrived, had not a bed unoccupied, in consequence of which I was under the necessity of sleeping at a private house ; there were other lodgers, and it so happened, the next room to that in which I slept was parted only by a wooden partition, not sufficiently thick to prevent sounds passing from one room to the other. I had frequently, during the night, heard deep sighs, and a voice resembling a person in prayer : but the third morning, an hour or two before day-break, I heard distinctly these words, "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." This sen-

tance was uttered in a tone that convinced me it arose from a disturbed mind, and I listened attentively for a considerable time; amidst groans and inaudible sounds, I at last distinctly heard as follows: "If thy arm offend thee cut it off—If thy eye offend thee pluck it out.—My whole body offends *me*, and shall I not?—God forbid."—Upon which I exclaimed, loud enough to be heard—*Amen*.

It is impossible to describe the interest I felt for this afflicted fellow creature. Religion, doubtless, had made a deep impression, and probably bad habits warring against inward conviction, like the contending elements of *fire* and *water*, produced a mental volcanic eruption of alarming import, for, from his conclusion, any one would have been led to think, self destruction was the meditated purpose.

On inquiry of my landlady, I found the gentleman that occupied the next room to me during the preceding evenings, was a traveller, who arrived in Edinburgh with his lady some months ago, on a tour of observation through Scotland; being partial

to the coast, and for the advantage of sea bathing, they had taken lodgings for a month at Musselburgh, where his wife, after a short illness, died, and left the old gentleman almost in a state of mental derangement, for they were a most affectionate couple, charitable and kind to all around them, and might be said almost to fulfill the commands of the Lord, for they literally loved their neighbours as themselves.

Such was the good wife's account, who related this tale of woe, with a glistening eye, adding, " Ah, sir, it would have done your heart good to have seen them together, a loving smile lit up the countenance of each ; their time was occupied in anticipating the wishes of each other, and relieving the wants of those who stood in need of their assistance. Mr. Cheery is a good man, sir ; but, even in his lady's time, was always odd and eccentric ; and since his loss he is become quite superstitious ; at breakfast, which he takes frequently, in his bed-room, he'll not speak himself or suffer me, beyond yea and nay,

all else he says is vanity, and leads to vexation of spirit.

He dines at the Shakspeare in a private room, and the waiters are under the same restriction.

From the landlady's account of the gentleman as above, I felt a strong inclination to become acquainted with so excellent and singular a character, and for this purpose I called at the Shakspeare Tavern about his usual dinner hour, but from all I could learn it was impossible to obtain an interview.

Several nights his sleep seemed to be more composed, and I heard little, except now and then a heavy sigh; but one morning, or rather in the middle of the night, he seemed more than usually restless, and after several unintelligible ejaculations, I distinctly heard the following: "She's in Abraham's bosom; God bless her soul." To which I, in a feeling tone, again replied, *Amen*.

This, as before, produced silence for the remainder of the night; but the consequences the next day were of more

serious import to the landlady than I anticipated, for on returning the next evening, she informed me that the old gentleman had left her lodgings, under an idea that the house was haunted; for he protested that he had been spoken to twice by a supernatural being, in consequence of which he had taken his place in the coach that left Edinburgh for Glasgow, at five the next morning.

I felt sorry to have been the means of injuring the good woman, by depriving her of a lodger, and yet pleased at the chance of meeting with Mr. Cheery, at Glasgow, as it was my intention to leave Edinburgh the next day.

Accordingly, having arranged my trifling affairs, I took a place in the same coach, in which Mr. Cheery's name appeared in the Way-bill: my friends Mr. and Mrs. Davison set out for Glasgow some time previous. I then took, in all probability, a last farewell of Mr. Constable, whose politeness I shall not soon forget—my friend Jones, of the Theatre, to which he is a

credit, and for whom I shall always entertain the highest esteem—of the old gentleman and his two amiable nieces—my worthy, hearty, generous fat friend, Gilchrist; Mr. and Mrs. Bartley, whose polite attention I shall always acknowledge, and feeling a strong desire not to leave the place without saying good bye to poor Scroggins and his cat, I sauntered towards his wretched dwelling; and after ferreting my way a second time through the winds, and clambering up eighty steps, I once more assailed the door of his miserable abode, but all was silent, nor could I discern, through the various openings, a human form within. The bird, however, had not flown far, for I observed the old cat on her usual resting place; and though Scroggins was from home, Mrs. Godolphin, “the lady that dressed in the next room,” with her delicate tones, soon let me know all about it, and much more. “Is that your honour that’s inquiring for Mr. O’Scroggins, the tragedian—its mighty lucky that Mrs. Godolphin was widin herself, or the devil a

tiding, good or bad, would your honour have got about de matter. Ah, you've made a gentleman of Mr. O'Scroggins, sir, if he was never one before. He's just gone to fetch a walk, as he says, dressed for the part. Ah, he was mighty elegant in a spick span new coat, waistcoat, and smalls, that he bought second-hand of the old clothes' body; and then it never rains but it powers, for no sooner had your good-looking hand past the five pounds into his fist, then up comes Mr. Letterbag, the post-man, wid a mighty fat looking epistle from Glasgow, price one shilling; and sure enough there was'nt a shilling on the landing, but one that I had, and that was a tenpenny I brought wid me from Dublin; and so the letter was in bond for twopence, till Mr. O'Scroggins boddered him wid a distant view of that good-looking gentleman, Mr. Abraham Newland's *five pounds*. "Sir, yer most obadient," says Postbag, touching his greasy hat, "I'll call again, bye and bye." So Mr. O'Scroggins got his big letter, and to be sure when he opened it,

out tumbled anodder five pounds, wid the best respects of his wife's dear *dead* brother, who begged he would instantaneously come over and shake hands wid him before he was put under the grave sod."

Quite tired of this huge woman's everlasting clack, I began to descend the stairs, in hopes to make my escape ; but it would not do, for step by step she followed with her never ceasing tongue.

" Is it going ye are ? sir, do stay and see Mr. O'Scroggins ; he's quite a new cratur, I promise ye ; I'll be bail you would not know him, he's so mighty nate, head to foot, and quite alive to cleanliness.—Says he shall now act a gentleman's part to the last scene of the Play, and have something in his pocket to pay the parson for speaking the Epilogue.—Take care of the steps, sir, the little dirty blackguards come here in the night, and drop their diamonds up and down, mighty slippy.—I'll take my lave, sir, wid one short word in yer ear, before you go any further. Mr. O'Scroggins says you are

a Manager; have ye such a thing in yer Company as a small vacancy for the likes of I."

Observing me smile, "Perhaps you think me too large to fill a small vacancy, but yer all in de wrong, and that's the name of a Play, sir. When I was engaged wid Mr. O'Nail, at de Teatre, Mullingar, de place where all the beautiful beef comes from, I was for the light business, but then down comes Miss Fanny Kelly, a bit of a small cratur, and took away my parts, and the manager put me in the *heavy line*, wid—" *And Mrs. Mollyprop by Mrs. Godolphin,*" but not contint wid dat, he began to be mighty impertinent, and said I must take up wid any small parts he chose to give me; daudles, sir; and instead of Mrs. So and So by Mrs. Godolphin, it was 'Virgins by Mesdames Godolphin, &c. &c.'" Yes, sir, he called me a virgin. By de powers, dat was de first time I was ever called a virgin in my life.

"So says I, Mr. O'Nail, says I, what

right have you, sir, to injure my reputation, by posting me against the wall for a virgin?

“And Mr. O’Nail, how am I to get an engagement in any other company for the *heavy line*, when they see my name in your bills for a virgin? you’ve taken away my *and* too, and that’s mighty kind of you Mr. O’Nail; and I’ll tell ye what, sir, as you’ve been kind enough to take away my *and*, I’ll take away Mrs. Godolphin also; so I left him and his virigins, sir; and if you can give me an engagement in the heavy line, I shall be mightily pleased, if not, I shall go upon the sharing plan wid Mr. Frazer, at Musselburgh.”

Having informed her that “Othello’s occupation was gone,” being no longer a manager, she, at last, withdrew.

CHAP. XXXIII.

I have observed, throughout my Theatrical experience, that an actor frequently values the situation of his name in the bill, more than his salary—for instance the late Mr. Woods, of the Edinburgh Theatre, having that morning received his weekly stipend, which, by the bye, was the largest ever known out of London at that time of day, being no less than *six pounds* a week. As we walked together round Calton-hill, he observed, in an unconcerned manner, “What do you think, friend Romney? I lost more than the half of my salary just now ; all shook out of my pocket into a certain place that shall be nameless.” “And will you not inquire after it?” “Not I, indeed ; let the scavenger have it for his pains ; I’m sure he’ll deserve it.”

Soon after this, observing a Play-bill on the wall, we stopped to read it; the Play was *Richard the Third*.

Now Richard was what Mr. Woods called his *pet* part, having sustained that character unrivalled in Scotland, for twenty years; but, on looking over the arrangement of names, he changed colour, his lips quivered, and his voice faltered, "Look there, sir," said he, pointing at the bill, "Is not that an infamous insult to a man who holds the first situation in the theatre.

Stephen Kemble, it seems, having lately become manager, had introduced new rules, one of which was, that the names should stand in the bills as they were arranged in the printed drama; accordingly, instead of, "and King Richard, Mr. Woods," as usual, the character, it must be confessed, cut a very insignificant figure in the middle of the bill, under the title of, "Gloster, Mr. Woods." In vain I informed him, that this was now become the mode of arranging the characters in

all respectable theatres, to avoid contentions; but he was not to be pacified, and instantly left me to stop the press till he had seen Mr. Kemble; this was soon accomplished; and the Manager, rather than lose a respectable performer, placed Mr. Woods, as usual, at the bottom of the bill, with the important *and*, preceding his name.

So that the monosyllable *and* is of much moment to actors, of every degree, from Mr. Woods, Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, to Mrs. Godolphin, Theatre Barn, Musselburgh.

It was not light when I entered the coach for Glasgow, but as I found there was only another inside passenger, and having seen Mr. Cheery's name in the Way-bill, I concluded he was there, of which I was soon convinced, from several heavy sighs that escaped him. For an hour, all was dark and silent, and I conjectured my companion had fallen asleep, but in this I was deceived, for in a slow,

pathetic tone, he pronounced, with a sigh, "God bless her," meaning, as I conjectured, his deceased wife; to which I faintly replied, *Amen*. With evident alarm, he answered, "Is it possible?—Pray—Lord help us—What will become of me?—Are you of this world?"—"I should hope so." "I very much doubt it, for this is the *third* time I've been spoken to, in the same way, and by the same voice. High ho! What have I done to be haunted in this manner?"—"Pray, sir, do you believe in witchcraft?" "Why—yes—no, not exactly; we are told of such occult sciences in the scriptures." "Yes, sir, we are told that many things have taken place formerly, but present experience does not warrant our assent to their being permitted in the present day,—'Tis possible, doubtless, to possess too little faith; but give me leave to say, sir, I think you have too much." "We are told 'faith is the evidence of things unseen.'" "Yes, and therefore when the same voice said *Amen* three

times, your evidence of things unseen, led you to conclude the voice was supernatural, not conceiving it to be the effect of a natural cause, which cause is now before you."

Day-light had by this time appeared, and gave me a full view of Mr. Cheery's countenance. He was a man in years, whose features bore a fair testimony of the kindness of his disposition, as much as Gloster's scowling visage said in strong terms, "Expect no kindness here." His dress was of the primitive cast, bordering upon the Quaker's costume; but what was rather inconsistent with the rest of his appearance, his hair was tied in a small queue, and he wore powder.

As soon as he heard me assert that I was the cause from whence the three Amens proceeded, he held up his hands in token of astonishment and doubt; upon which I stated the circumstances as they took place; at the conclusion of which he exclaimed, "Is it possible?" At that moment one of the wheel-horses began to flag, most likely from fatigue, and inabi-

lity to proceed, which caused such a continuance of torture from the coachman, that I subjected myself to the brutal language of the wretch, by inveighing against his inhuman conduct.

To be a witness of cruelty to the brute creation, from the earliest period of my life, either from the example of my parents, or the organization of the mind, formed one of my greatest miseries, and more particularly to behold, that most noble, useful, and generous of animals, the horse, treated with such barbarity, as they too frequently are, by wretches as ignorant as dirt, and as unfeeling as slave-drivers, has often deprived me, for the moment, of all relish for the comforts of life, however plenteously they might surround me ; and frequently, by my imprudent interference, I have involved myself in unpleasant situations. Thanks to Mr. Martin's Act, there is now some legal redress for these crying sins.

Either what I said had some effect upon this horse-butcher, or his arm became tired, for he ceased to flog, and I dare

say wished me in the place of the poor horse.

Mr. Cheery perceiving my feelings very much agitated, observed with a sympathetic look, "Don't afflict yourself, sir, misery is the lot of man and beast, but there is another and a better world."—"What for horses think you, sir?" "Most undoubtedly, for surely that noble animal that we have just now seen so inhumanly treated, is a far more worthy creature than his driver. High ho! In another world I hope the poor creature will be remunerated for the misery he suffers in this; and we are told, there is not a sparrow falls without the especial providence of God." "And do you then think this poor horse has been so unmercifully used through the edict of an especial providence?" "Why, no, it would be making providence cruel, and that is impossible. We are told, 'Great is the mystery of holiness;' and doubtless great is the mystery of providential interference. High ho! It is all owing to the fall."

I could not help smiling at this observation, for to suppose that the poor horse was to be whipped and tortured because Eve eat an apple, was going a little too far; but so absurd do the best intentioned often render themselves, when they endeavour, from amiable motives, no doubt, to account for all things upon theological principles, instead of natural causes, wisely arranged by the great Creator of all things, and fixed on an immoveable basis, by the great power and wisdom of *Omnipotence*.

When this good creature observed a smile on my countenance, he shook his head. “High ho! Why do you laugh at my saying it is all owing to the *fall*? We are told, were it not for the *fall*, there would have been no death, all the human race would now have been living, and amongst the brute creation, the lion would have lain down with the lamb.”

“Yes, but without a continual miracle, that of being able to exist without food, the lion would soon devour the lamb;

for a carnivorous animal cannot exist but on animal food; the eagle, hawk, &c. are formed to live upon their fellow creatures; vegetable diet they can neither receive nor digest; and the fecundity of fish is so great, that if they did not devour one another, as it is well known they do, their increase would be so great, that the sea could not contain them."

We had taken up a Manchester cotton merchant on the way, who seemed to trouble himself little about our conversation; his mind, doubtless, being fully and more advantageously employed in calculations on profit and loss; to awaken him from his reverie, I observed, "You've doubtless heard of the fall, sir?" "Anon." "I say, sir, you've heard of the fall?" "Aye, I heard of it at Glasgow; Barbadoes's have had a sad tumble, but it's nout to me, I hav'nt a bag ith warehouse."

Cheery, unused to the indulgence of mirth, on almost any subject, could not help relaxing his features with his usual ejaculation, "High ho!"

“ But, sir, we are not talking of the fall of cotton, but of Adam ; this gentleman says we all suffer by the fall.” “ Aye, aye, like enough ; I suffered by it at the top of Salford, coming out of Manchester ; Adam, the drunken coachman, overturned us, and put my arm out.”

As I found we were not likely to elicit much information on theological subjects, or indeed any subject, except Pitt dinners, Peterloo victory, Radical catching, steam engines, and power looms, we became tact for the remainder of the journey, and arrived at the Tontine, in Glasgow, before ten o'clock.

I had taken a great liking to my new acquaintance, Cheery, and took the liberty during breakfast to inquire into his views at Glasgow, to which he very candidly informed me, his views were to ease the misery of his mind by travelling ; meaning to pass the remainder of the summer in the first rural peaceable place he could meet with ; for a fortnight he meant to remain in Glasgow, and then to pass into the interior of Scotland through the High-

lands. As he was, as yet, unacquainted with my unfortunate calling, and I could perceive mistook me for an independent character ; I confess I did not like to undeceive him, and promising to dine with him at the Tontine every day during his stay, I repaired to my old lodgings at Mrs. Hervey's, now Mrs. Spalding's, No. 2, Queen-street.

It will naturally be supposed, that so long a cessation from business, even with the assistance received from the sale of the Itinerant in Edinburgh, must have reduced the comely appearance of the red pocket-book, and caused the rat again to nibble, for the little cottager at Parkgate ; but I had not been unmindful of the main chance, for during my stay in the Scotch capital, I had negociated an engagement with Mr. Mason, the then manager of the Glasgow theatre, to perform in the regular drama with Mrs. Davison three weeks, for a handsome sum and a benefit ; therefore the cottager was not, eventually, without a sufficient supply, and a chance of its continuance.

Certainly, these three weeks passed in a pleasant way, and I should be ungrateful to Providence, were I not to acknowledge it.

The society of Mrs. Davison, her charming tasty singing, piano and harp, her worthy husband, the late much lamented John Tate, the Printer, more known by the just title of "honest John," Peter M'Narton, Sandy M'Laran, and many other hearty honest Scotch worthies, passed on the hours, some times, it must be confessed, more pleasantly than wise, yet, I trust, they were not injurious to any one.

CHAP. XXXIV.

My friend Cheery, a name, by the bye, ill adapted to his character, remained at the Tontine, and at three, each day, I dined with him, after which he spent his time in viewing every thing that was curious in Glasgow and its vicinity; he was no Play goer, and my profession still remained a secret.

About this time, that inimitable actress, Miss O'Neil, performed there a few nights with her usual and deserved success.— There was a Mr. Putnam, in the Edinburgh Theatre, a very gentlemanly, worthy man, and a respectable actor, who related to me the following anecdote:

One season Miss O'Neil being engaged to perform in Glasgow, found it impracticable without the assistance of Mr. Put-

nam, who belonged to the Edinburgh Company. As her Plays could not be done without the aid of a principal tragedian, he agreed to accompany her to Glasgow, and in return she consented to perform for his benefit at that place.

Putnam was unfortunate; his benefit failed, there being only seventy-five pounds in the house, and Miss O'Neil's demand each night was a hundred!!! So that honest Putnam was *minus* twenty-five pounds, which being unable to discharge, his note was given for payment at a future period, and the unfortunate Actor left to return to Edinburgh as well as he could.

Some time after this the parties met again at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and whether the note was then presented for payment or not, I cannot recollect, but, however, the debt was liquidated, through the honourable feelings of Putnam, and the generous conduct of Mr. M'Cready, sen. the Newcastle Manager, who lent him the money for the purpose.

I notice this fact to show, what is, perhaps, too well known, that *great* people sometimes have *little* hearts.

As a contrast, however, to the above, and as a set-off to the many failings Mr. *Kean's* enemies are so ready to lay to his charge, I shall relate another anecdote equally well founded.

Mr. Kean, on his way to Manchester, stopped a night at Buxton, not with any intent to perform, but Mr. Thornhill, the manager of the Theatre, hearing of his arrival, waited on him, with an urgent request from the visitors, and an offer of half the receipts, for his performance of *Richard* that night.

Mr. Kean, it is well known, is good natured to a fault, and without caring much about the money, as the sequel will show. acquiesced in the manager's proposal, and an overflow was the consequence.

Mr. Thornhill, the Buxton manager, had a wife and *ten* children, and his receipts were not in general equal to his disbursements: this got to the knowledge of the tragic hero, and though the house was

crammed, when the manager, in the morning, laid half the receipts on Mr. Kean's table, he, with a pleasant smile, gently pushed the money from him, observing, "Mr. Thornhill, you are welcome to my services; I shall not accept of any remuneration, for this reason.—*You have ten children—I have only one.*" So the poor manager returned to his family, full of gratitude, and full of cash. "Let the galled jade wince."

It cannot be supposed, in the midst of all this bustle, that my attention was so entirely taken up as not to recollect the mysterious gentleman, who left the snuff without any address at Perth, for me to carry to a lady at the Tontine, Glasgow; on the contrary, I made every inquiry, and described the gentleman's dress without success, no such person had been seen or heard of; and yet he might have been there, for as his costume was seldom the same two days together, it was impossible to describe him with certainty.

The Theatre, as it always is in Glasgow, although the most extensive and su-

perb out of London, is the worst attended, and were it converted into cotton warehouses, the change would be for the better; however, it answered my purpose, being a certainty, and the time, with regard to emolument, was not misspent.

One day, as my pious friend, Cheery, entertained a wish to view the inside of one of the prisons we were just then passing, I inquired of the many that surrounded the gates, whether such a thing was practicable, and received information that the object was attainable, although the Magistrates would be there in an hour's time on Police business.

The door, however, was opened to us with much civility, and we were accompanied by the Turnkey through many miserable cells, occupied with miserable tenants, which drew many shillings from the worthy Cheery's pocket, and many a sigh from his heart. At last we met with a woman who was going before the Magistrates for bastardy, and poor Cheery, from the simplicity of his heart, placing a

shilling in her hand, began to moralise—
“ High ho ! Why did you do so, my good woman ? What will become of you ?— Guard yourself against fornication, and all other deadly sins.” To which the woman, with an arch look, replied, “ We are told, sir, to increase and multiply. I’ve had no *back* word, have *you* ?”

My friend was here foiled upon his own grounds, and turning to me with a sigh, “ Ah, its all owing to the fall.” We were crossing an open yard, surrounded with different apartments for criminals of various kinds, and I was on the point of making some remarks on, what I thought, the absurdity of his hypothesis, when—
“ Ha, how did you come ?” assailed our ears from a window in an upper room ; upon which I replied, “ Nay, how did *you* come ? that’s the question.” “ Per watchman ; come up, and I’ll tell you all about it.”

We obeyed the summons, although I entertained fears for the delicate feelings of my friend Cheery. “ Well, Mr. Rom-

ney, here I am in quod, all regular.—Met an old Highland sort of gentleman last night in the Trongate dressed up in his kilts, his fillibegs, his dirks, and the devil knows what. Just as I came up to him, a poor girl, crying murder, came running out of a Wynde, as they call it, and ran against the Scotchman in the kilts, whom I mistook for the person who had ill used the poor girl, so I was just lifting up my arm, all regular, to tip him forthwith a—Ha, how did you come? when three or four watchmen seized me, and old kilts and fillibegs, putting up his dirk, delivered me over to the police, promising to appear against me in the morning.” Observing the turnkey beckon, “I’ll be with you forthwith, my hearties. The bigwigs are met, you see, and I must be off, so give me your address, and I’ll call on you as soon as I’m out of the stone jug.” Having fulfilled his wish, he accompanied an officer who stood waiting for his attendance.

“And, pray, sir—High ho!—if I may

make so bold, what is this lost young man's motive for inquiring how people came ; what matters it to him, unless he is a coach proprietor."

"Why, my dear, sir, your contracted intercourse with the world is the cause of your happy ignorance of modern folly and antiquated vice. There are a race of beings in England, called Dandies, of which this unthinking, though well intentioned young man is one, and there are certain phrases in use amongst them, which are lugged in upon all occasions, without any reference to the subject they are speaking on. This fills up vacancies, and hides their sad lack of ratiocinating powers."

"Poor things, I trust they'll soon be called to a more proper way of thinking, for the heart of man is desperately wicked, and we are told"—"Ha, you're not gone ; well, here I am, all regular, been before the bigwigs ; but old kilts and fillibegs didn't come, so I was discharged forthwith. Well, where will you dine ?

I shall queer the old scoundrel if ever I meet him."

I then informed him of my daily engagement with Mr. Cheery, at the Tontine, where we should be glad of his company. "Come along, then, it's three o'clock, devilish hungry, stone-jug's a starving place, nothing to be got for love or money." This was the dinner hour, and we found the cloth laid, which gave fresh spirits to our young friend, who, as he stood by the fire, observing a little mouse run over the carpet, exclaimed, "Ha, how did you come?" and as he went to destroy it with his foot, Cheery, with unusual energy, a faculty of which he possessed but little, pulled him by the sleeve, "Stop, young man, why should you take away that which you cannot give; poor thing, let it go." "Eh, I believe you're right, the mouse has as much right to live as we have; then taking me by the arm to another part of the room, "Who is this old quisby; how did he come? his heart seems to be in the right place, but d—n his pig-tail."

There is a kind of instinctive sympathy between persons of similar feelings, however their habits may differ, I mean between minds of sensibility, without which there can be no feeling at all. The young man's desisting from cruelty, when brought to reflection, had pleased Cheery, and the old man's tenderness for the little mouse, had awakened a similar sensation in the mind of M'Farlin, so that we sat down to dinner in mutual good temper with each other, *forthwith*.

CHAP. XXXV.

Mr. Cheery, with all his sanctity, was rather partial to good living, a besetting sin amongst saints, and when a dish pleased him, he inquired the mode of composition, which he took down in his common place book, likewise any particular medicine that he had been told had proved beneficial. There was a Scotch dish served up this day called a *Haggis*, to which we were all strangers, and as soon as the cover was removed we were equally puzzled to comprehend what it was composed of. I thought it resembled the posteriors of a mulatto, our young friend swore it was boil'd Bagpipes, and Cheery, after observing "If you make use of oaths, young man, I shall leave the room," continued, whilst he examined the dish minutely,

“ High ho ! I have seen many things, it must be supposed, but this is beyond my experience. *We are told* ‘ there is nothing new under the sun,’ but *this* is new to *me*”

The waiter being called, the name of the dish and mode of cooking was explained to Mr. Cheery, and taken down amongst his memorandums. He then began to taste of this curious viand, but his features soon indicated no great pleasure in the experiment, and sputtering out, “ *Pigmeat, pigmeat,*” returned his plate, and by general consent the Haggis was removed, and a piece of roast beef placed in its room, from out of which, on the first cut, tumbled about a score of full fed maggots ; at the sight of which, Cheery, finding his stomach annoyed, took up a spoon, and was on the point of throwing them into the fire, when our dandy friend seized his arm, “ Perhaps they’re alive ; why should you take that you cannot give ? Poor things, let them go—all regular, you know.”

At that moment Mr. Cheery was called out, and leaving his memorandum-book on the table, the curious youth took it up, and in spite of all I could say, read a most strange jumble of quack medicines, cooking receipts, and sentimental reflections, which, as they stood in his book, had a very whimsical effect. As near as I can recollect, they were as follows :

“ Oh, 'tis a fearful thing to die, to go we know not where, to leave the pomp and pageants of the world, to diet worms.—Two drams of nitre, four ounces of spirits of wine.—Rubbing application for the Itch.—If God had created mankind for no other purpose than to burn like firebrands to all eternity in hell, he would, nevertheless, deserve our love and our adoration !!!—Take of brimstone and saltpetre two ounces each, pulverised gunpowder, half an ounce ; take a table-spoon full four times a day.—Excellent remedy for madness.—Johannah Southcote is expected to bring forth a young Shiloh.

—To stuff pigs' head: Take of suet, stale bread and chopped sausages enough to fill the mouth of the head, then bake it in a slow oven.—If nature has so wove her thread of kindness that some threads of love and desire are entangled with the piece, must the whole web be rent in drawing them out? Whip me such stoics, great governor of nature.—Said I to myself, wherever thy providence shall place me for the trials of my virtue, whatever is my danger, whatever is my situation, let me feel the movements which rise out of it, and which belong to me as a man; and if I govern them as a good one, I will trust the issue to thy justice, for *thou* hast made us, and not we ourselves.—Three spoonfuls of vinegar, and a pound of treacle.—Excellent cure for the bugs.—The miserable have no other medicine, but only hope.—How to pot shrimps.—First pick the shells off, then warm them up in good fresh butter, &c. &c.”

These mixed memorandums caused a

laugh, in which we were interrupted by the owner of the book, and though the beef and haggis were not very desirable, the remaining part of the dinner was excellent; and after a few glasses of wine our friend Cheery retired to take his afternoon's nap, and we sauntered into the large room.

The Tontine in Glasgow is, perhaps, the largest news-room in Scotland, and generally crowded with the most respectable merchants and strangers from all parts of the world; for it is not here as in many places in England, where an introduction is necessary, but every respectably dressed person has free access to all the papers, pamphlets, &c. the expence of which is defrayed by the opulent inhabitants.—This is liberal. A fair average of Scots symmetry may be taken in this place, as the respectable part of the merchants promenade this extensive room.

The men are, in general, more tall and robust, amongst the higher ranks,

than the natives of any other country I have hitherto had a knowledge of, and the respectable ranks of female society throughout Scotland, are frequently *beautiful*; but the lower order are dreadful in appearance, going all weathers bare-foot, and without cap or hat, their features become shrivelled and filthy looking, and many of the wretched females that ply for employment at the fish-market, and in other places, might, in appearance, have sprung from a race of Ourang-outangs.

We had paraded a considerable time, when, on a sudden, my young companion, rather violently, seized my arm, and stopping, pointed to the other side of the room, and exclaimed, with some energy, “*There* he is; that’s the old Scotty that put me in prison. I’ll go and ask him how he came?” But what will be the reader’s astonishment, when in the old Scotty, as he called him, I beheld no less a person than Alexander M’Kinley Calla-

ghaduggan, in the very Highland costume he wore when I saw him at his sister's, in London. In the twinkling of an eye a new light shot across my mind, and I beheld in his person the military looking gentleman, in the straw hat, the outside traveller in the fur cap, at Aberdeen, Arbroth, and Glames, and the father of this heedless young man.

Convinced in my own mind that my conjectures were right, I determined to prevent a precipitate meeting, although this spirited youth felt so indignant at passing the night in prison, that it was with difficulty I persuaded him to listen to me ; at last, however, he stood still, and with a single question, I disarmed his anger, and he stood in 'amazmeent lost.'

" Pray, is not your name Callaghaduggan?" After a pause, " Ha, how did you come by that?" " And is not your worthy aunt's name, Edith M'Kinley Callaghaduggan?" " Ha, there again, how the devil did you come by all this ? per witchcraft?" " No, per Scotchman," I

replied, pointing to the venerable Highlander who sat at some distance intent on the paper. "Thank God—is it possible?" exclaimed he, and in a manner lost all his vivacity. "Yes, it is very possible, and probable, that noble looking veteran is *your Father.*"

It is not to be described the effect my opinion had on the feelings of this warm hearted young man ; his features became convulsed, and clapping his hand to his forehead he seated himself at the table, and burst into tears. As soon as he recovered, he thus proceeded :

"What an escape have I had, *thank God*, through your friendly interference ; had it not been for that, most probably, I might have committed a crime, for which I should never have forgiven myself, by assaulting the parent to whom I am indebted for my existence." Then recovering himself, he jumped up, "But I'll go and throw myself at his feet."

I soon convinced him of the impropriety of such a step in a public place, request-

ing him to remain where he was, and permit me to accost the old gentleman ; he would then have a full view of our proceedings ; if we left the room together, I advised him to follow, but not to make himself known, till I broke the business to him in the tenderest way I could. You have been informed, continued I, by your worthy aunt, of the irritability of your father's feelings on certain subjects ; the danger, therefore, of your abruptly making yourself known must be obvious.

CHAP. XXXVI.

The young man was reasonable, but astonished how it was possible for me to have obtained all this knowledge of his family connexions. Then looking wistfully towards his supposed parent, he again burst into tears, ejaculating "God bless him !"

It was lucky I had the Perth note in my pocket-book, by which an easy mode of introduction presented itself ; I, therefore, walked coolly to the table where the veteran sat, and unobserved, placed the note open near him, so that he could not well avoid noticing it, and then seated myself at the same table, apparently engaged with a paper, but minutely attentive to every motion, confident that the mind of this worthy Scotchman must soon

experience a revolution, either for the better or the worse, but the former appeared more likely.

Never did I feel myself more interested in a concern, that was not my own, than at this moment, having made myself the medium, by which intelligence was to be conveyed, of a sort, perhaps, the most interesting to the warmest feelings of the heart. It became a delicate point how to proceed, lest from a sometimes disturbed state of mind, the Lion should be roused instead of the Lamb.

Having finished his paper he took up another, and in so doing observed the note; at the sight of his own writing he started, then took up the note, of which he well knew the purport, and looked around, in hopes of finding the person who placed it there; at last he cast his eye on me; and I purposely met it, upon which he majestically rose, and with a smile of kindness on his countenance, held forth his hand, "Mr. Romney, I rejoice to see you, but I fear my note has led you into an error; my

dear sister is not arrived, although her last letter led me to expect her a fortnight since, and I have obtained no less than five cannisters of snuff for her, of the best quality. She must be on the road, sir. I shall set out towards England in the morning. In what part of the town do you reside, sir?"

I noticed in a former part of this work the noble appearance and gentlemanly deportment of this heroic Caledonian, who always brought to mind, the figure we are taught to conceive of William Wallace. Having given him my address, I expressed a wish to speak a few words in private, and proposed we should retire to our room within the Tontine. The Highland costume is seldom seen in Scotland out of the Highlands, and in the majestic appearance of my companion, with his *cap, feathers, kilts, fillibeg, dirk*, and beautiful plaid dress, as he walked with me out of the room, proved the cause of curious observation, and *Who is it?* seemed to be the general pass word throughout the place, whilst his son's attention had been riveted

on us from the moment he was led to believe he beheld a father.

I now concluded an opportunity would be given me to break, by degrees, without alarm, the pleasant news that probably would bring his disordered mind back to its former sound and steady state, so desirable to his friends, which I conceived the presence of a son, he had never seen or scarcely heard of, would most likely effect.

But according to the old adage, something often happens between the cup and the lip, for on entering our room the miserable, melancholy Cheery, lay stretched on the sofa in one of his lowest fits of dejection.—The old gentleman, fearful of intrusion, wished to retreat, but Cheery spoke in a faint voice “Come in, my friend; we are told that man is born to sorrow as the sparks fly upwards—what will become of me!—Ah, my dear, departed wife, my Sally, if it were not a sin I should say, would I were in my grave.”

I now found myself between two fires, and both fed with the same fuel; how

to act was difficult in the extreme, for by endeavouring to afford comfort to one, the other might be increased ; I likewise called to mind the change that took place in the features and conduct of this worthy Highlander in London, when, by some inadvertent expression or turn of conversation, the recollection of his departed wife was renewed in his mind, and I therefore expected a clashing of miseries would now take place, the effects of which might terminate in unpleasant consequences to both.

The mind of man is strangely compounded ; for what at one time even to think or hear spoken of, would produce agonizing feelings, at another, when introduced by a person labouring under the same affliction, has a quite different effect for one condole with the other. Luckily this was the case with Callaghaduggan, for instead of pacing the room in a state of almost mental derangement as before in London, pity seemed to be the predominant feeling of his mind, and with a look of sympathy, whilst his eye glistened with a

tear of commiseration, he stood over poor Cheery, and when he heard him speak of the loss of his wife, affectionately took his hand, and observed with a sigh, “Sir, I sincerely pity you, *indeed* I do; from dear bought experience I can participate in your sorrow, but despair is cowardly in a man, and inconsistent in a christian.—You have, perhaps, recently lost a beloved wife—dreadful affliction! for though twenty miserable years have rolled over my devoted head, my heart still vibrates, when memory calls back the dear image of my Nelly”

Cheery rose, and gazed with astonishment at such a coincidence of circumstances and feeling; but as I esteemed it my duty to break the thread of this affecting dialogue, I arrested attention by observing, “Pray, Mr. Callaghaduggan, had you any children?” At this he started, and I, fearing I had touched a discordant string, trembled for the consequences. “No, sir; I had a child, but, alas, both father and son were forced far away from

each other, never to meet again; our ruin was planned by the *Elders*, sir. And though it may be thought illiberal, I *detest* the name—Psalm singing hypocrites; but they are where I hope they will meet with that mercy they refused to me ”

“Have you not received any communication from Mrs. M’Kinley, regarding your son ?” “Ah, no, sir, I fear he lives not; would to God he did, but there is no gleam of comfort for me in this world.”

“It’s all owing to the fall, sir,” replied Cheery, with a deep sigh.

“No such thing, sir, it is owing to the depravity that human nature, from either education or habit, is subject to, and not from the *fall*, or any such absurdity.”

Cheery, astounded at such an assertion, replied, “And dont you believe, sir, we were all cursed from the beginning, for the sins of our first parents ?”

The colour now rose indignant in the face of the honest Highlander at so foul an aspersion on the mercy and justice of his God, and with noble energy, he replied,

“No, sir, I believe in no such abominable and unjust doctrine”

Nearly at my wit's end for some mode, not too abruptly, to introduce again the subject and its hero, which as I had once begun, and should perhaps progressively have accomplished, had it not been for Cheery's interruption, I therefore endeavoured to attract his attention, by observing,

You were saying, I think, sir, that your son was for ever gone; do you mean to say he is deceased?

“No, no, God only is acquainted with that—the infamous *executors*, the *Elders*, as I did not choose to subscribe to the horrid doctrine of Calvin, and the Kirk, trepanned me within the walls of a prison, and sent my child abroad;—If he lives, and I could once behold him, before I leave this miserable world, it would be a *mercy*.”

At that moment the door opened, and the youth, unable to bear further restraint, appeared, but quite altered; his dandyism was fled, and with his hat in both his

hands, he stood in much visible agitation.

As soon as the old gentleman beheld him, he recollected the business with the watchman, and conceiving this an impertinent intrusion, with a probable intent to renew hostilities, he rose with rather an angry aspect. "How is this, young man?—Do you think yourself justified in thus intruding on our privacy? I have refrained from appearing against you in Court, on account of your youth, and the mistake you probably laboured under, but do not again provoke me." Then pacing quickly towards the other end of the room, he continued, "I am not to be insulted with impunity, sir; my name is Alexander Callaghaduggan." "and—so—is—my—mine"—stammered the young man, as he slowly and fearfully approached him, a glistening tear standing in his eye, then sinking on his knee, seized the old man's hand with a degree of feeling that did credit to his heart.

This was a trying scene to all. Poor Cheery held his handkerchief to his eyes,

and whispered, "God's will be done;" *Amen*, thought I, when the old gentleman, with some agitation, exclaimed, "What, what is it you mean?" Upon which the young man presented a letter from his aunt, which, when his father had perused, he eyed him for a considerable time with silent attention; then bursting into tears, folded his arms round the young man's neck, exclaiming, "Yes, yes, it is my son; his dear mother's image is imprinted in every feature of his countenance."

"Thank God then," exclaimed Cheery fervently, "I do, sir, God knows I do, for he is a *merciful* being, and not a *malignant* one."

Having brought this trying business to a crisis, I conceived the most delicate mode of proceeding would be to leave the parties to themselves for a short time, which we accordingly did, and in another room I gave my friend Cheery a short history of both father and son, and asked him if he thought this happy reconcilia-

tion was owing to *the fall*, to which he replied, with a sigh, “ No, to the resurrection.”

In a very short time the waiter brought a summons for our return, and we found father and son, in a state of mental enjoyment superior to any power of description. The son had regained his original spirits, and the happy explanation that had recently taken place, had gave them an elasticity scarcely governable.

On our entrance, he almost shook my arm off, and seizing Cheery by the tail, danced him round the room, till he cried out for quarter, but wherever he went, or whatever he did, the veteran’s approving eyes were never off him; and even his absurdities seemed to please; indeed we were all delighted, even Cheery, for once, thought himself happy, and we concluded the evening by steering about the toddy with much pleasure, prudence, and good humeur.

CHAP. XXXVII.

Having finished my engagement in the Theatre rather advantageously, I now began to think of returning to the seat of all my comfort, but as it was my intention to visit poor *Cuthell* at Greenock, before I left the country, I called the next morning at the Tontine, in hopes of persuading some of the party to accompany me, but two of the birds were flown; the father and son had set off that morning early, to meet the old lady, Mrs. M'Kinley, on her way to Scotland, leaving me their best wishes, with the promise of a speedy return.

My friend Cheery having relapsed into his former dejection, my proposed voyage down the Clyde to Greenock, met his approbation, entertaining, as he said, a strong wish to visit the interior of Scotland, more

especially the Highlands, it being of little consequence, he observed, what part of the world he went to; but expecting a remittance, he could not leave Glasgow till it arrived, which he had no doubt would be in a few days.

I therefore concluded to set off immediately, and fill up the time till his arrival, at the Greenock Theatre, which at this time was open. Accordingly I left Glasgow in the Steam-boat, and after a most beautiful sail, rendered enchantingly delightful, by the rural scenery, *Dunbarton Castle, Benlomond, &c. &c.* I found myself, in four hours, on *terra firma*, at Greenock.

The first thing on my mind, was to find out poor Cuthell's residence, and with difficulty I at last discovered him in the attics of an old out of the way house, stretched on a wretched bed, in a miserably furnished room, unable to move without assistance, and there was none for him. He knew me, and stretching out his withered hand, faintly observed,

“ Ah, sir, you have done your utmost for a distressed unfortunate being, but all wont do. I am weaker and weaker every day, and Sheriff Parkins having broke his word, and kept from me the *seven* shillings a week he promised me for life in your letter, I am, and have been, in a wretched state, but God bless you, nevertheless ; as to Parkins, all he wanted was an ostentatious swell in the newspapers. I remember him at Carlisle thirty years ago ; he was then an inflated simpleton. I found that the stipend of seven shillings, as promised by Parkins under his own hand, or rather signature, for I understand a deputy makes up for all literary deficiencies, was only continued for a few months, when under a paltry pretext that he had been deceived by my statement, he in future withheld his promised munificence.”

My feelings were much harrassed by this man's cruel proceedings ; yet, though I longed to speak my mind, I thought it most prudent, for the poor man's sake, to hold a candle once more to the devil, in hopes of softening his more than adaman-

tine heart. Not receiving any reply, I addressed him in the Glasgow Chronicle with a little plainer language, to which I received an answer from *Mr. Taylor*, of the *Sun paper* office; my reply I shall subjoin as a conclusion to this contemptible business, tiresome, no doubt, to my readers, as well as myself.

“ SIR,

“ I was duly favoured with your letter from Glasgow and esteem myself honored by your communication. I mean solely on account of your known talent and individual respectability, but not from any conviction your attempt at explanation of the ex-sheriff's conduct, has produced on my mind, *quite the contrary*, and I must say, I am hurt to reflect, that a man of your understanding, who must see through the whole of this *dirty* business, should lend his ingenuity to find out absurd excuses, to justify so bad an action.

“ I am a poor man, Mr. Taylor, but possess a little principle, and perhaps above my share of feeling for distress, without the power to relieve it, the cause of many a mental pang, yet, as a set-off against the numerous besetting *bad passions* that flesh is heir to, I prize this *weakness*, as it is styled, more than riches; nor would I, to obtain momentary, or more lasting pop-

ularity, *delude* and *desert* any one, more especially an aged and forlorn fellow creature of known respectability, in happier days, and whose friendship I once esteemed it no disgrace to acknowledge, under the vague excuse, that his last epistolary application, was both illiterate and ignorant, and therefore could not be written by the person whose signature it bore—silly subterfuge.

“No, sir, sooner than shelter my pocket under so pitiful a pretence, I would willingly part with my last shilling.

“Now is it possible, let me ask, that a poor friendless bed ridden mendicant, unable to write himself could procure a literary scribe to address the *erudite* Sheriff?—who would willingly mount up to his miserable garret and volunteer their services? and as he could not procure a *Junius*, perhaps he took up with a *Joiner*, or any friendly soul within the vicinity of his miserable dwelling. It is not in every one’s power to make up their literary deficiencies by the employment of a ready writer; the sheriff can, and makes an intelligible *signature*, but Cuthell’s is evidently an effort, by the perceptible tremour of his hand.

“I shall conclude, by observing, that it is my opinion, and I think every impartial mind will join me, that poor Cuthell possesses a *just* demand upon Mr. Parkins for the arrears of his promised annuity, *seventeen pounds*, and I have only to add, till a remuneration is made, I shall not cease to publish the

truth, "Let the gall'd jade wince, our withers are unwrung." I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your most obedient, very humble servant,

—— ROMNEY.

To Mr Taylor, Sun Paper Office, Fleet-street, London."

Since the above, poor Cuthell, "once the elegant actor," has breathed his last, so to supper, Mr. Parkins, with what appetite you may.

I soon formed an engagement with the Grenock manager for three nights, terms half the receipts of the third. The first night, as it was my custom to attend as early as possible in the evening, for the advantage of dressing in good time, I happened to arrive before the lamps were lit, and had to grope my way into the dressing room, which at last I explored, as I thought, though not without some difficulty.

One large room served the male part of the company, and I recollected observing, at the rehearsal, in the morning, a long table under the window ; dark as it was

I groped my way towards it, and feeling about, at last laid hold of a chair, and with some difficulty pulled it from under a plank, which instantly fell on the floor, and something heavy which it supported, rolled with force against my legs. Conceiving this to be a piece of machinery, used in some pantomimical performance, I endeavoured to replace it, and stooping, laid hold of something by the hair, that resembled a human head; still thinking it a pantomime trick, I lifted up and explored with my hand the circle and circumference of this globular substance; but I was soon unpleasantly convinced of my mistake, for as I advanced it near my face, a most sickly smell assailed the olfactory nerves, whilst my fingers were bedewed by a liquid that issued from it, still, if possible, more nauseous and offensive, and I found, of a truth, that I held in my hands the inanimate sensorium of a deceased fellow creature, in a state of most offensive putridity. Feeling a most deadly sickness, I laid down the

disgusting burthen, and called aloud for the stage keeper, whom I heard in another part of the house, but when he arrived with a light, my state was still more distressing, for I found myself in the midst of an anatomical dissecting room, in which a professor gave weekly lectures to his pupils. Losing my way in the dark, the door of this room, which communicated with the stage, having been incautiously left open, by a student who had just gone out for a few minutes, I unfortunately mistook it for the dressing room. Not only the head but various parts of the body were on the plank, supported by two chairs, which having upset, I found myself standing in the midst of blood and mangled limbs, to the no small astonishment of the affrighted stage keeper. The student now made his appearance, and apologised for having left the door open, though but for a moment, not conceiving any one was in the Theatre.

The appearance of a corpse at any time is appalling to some people; I am one

of those, not from any superstitious fear, but from the train of reflection and serious thinking that generally arise, in the mind of those who have any, at the sight of decayed mortality. My feelings, therefore, when I found out the sort of materials I was handling in the dark abode, were not to be envied, nor could I conjecture how a dead body, in such a horrid state, came in the dressing-room of a Theatre, since the morning's rehearsal.

It will naturally be supposed I soon removed from my present not over agreeable situation, and cleansed and purified myself as far as water, soap, and lavender would go ; and my account of the whole circumstance in the green room produced a hearty laugh at my expense, although the effect on my mind was of so different a cast, that the representative of Lord Ogleby found himself very deficient in producing the usual effect.

As this has hitherto proved my last

theatrical attempt, and I hope will remain so, it was at the same time the most unsuccessful. Not at all owing to any breach of contract in the manager; on the contrary, his conduct was honourable and gentlemanly, but it so happened that the fast day, and commencement of the preaching week, at Greenock, took place the day after my benefit, and this being a night of sanctification, and purification, with *pious* Sandy, it was not likely he would contaminate his holy person within the walls of a Theatre, instead of piously remaining within doors to "steer about the toddy." In consequence of which there was a beggarly account of empty boxes, and the receipts of the evening amounted to eight pounds only. However, there was a little shot in the locker, and whilst that was the case with me, it was always, *Who's afraid.*

The worthy Cheery arrived on the fifth day, and although it was a fast, being what the Scots call the preaching week,

made an excellent dinner with me and the manager of the Theatre, at the Inn ; for though sincerely religiously inclined as he was, he had no idea that an empty stomach was more acceptable than a moderately full one, very justly observing, “ We are told, that it is not what goes into the mouth, but what comes out of it that defileth. High ho ! I fear these good people in Scotland are following the shadow of ceremonies and doctrines, rather than the substance of vital and practical piety.”

“ If all mankind,” I observed to the manager, in a whisper, “ were like this worthy being, what a happy world would it be.” “ What, a *pig-tail* world, you mean ? ” replied he with a smile.

The next day we spent in seeing what was worthy observation in Greenock, and that indeed was little. Observing boards of intelligence against the wall relative to the departure of steam boats, our attention was attracted by one, called the

Inverary Castle;—I had long entertained a desire to see *Inverary*; for the pleasing account, I had frequently heard of its beauties produced an ardent wish to behold them.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

Inverary is in the Highlands, and lies forty miles from Greenock up Loch-fine, through scenery most romantic ; hills, dales, woods, lakes, fertile and barren, form a pleasing variety, and *Inverary* Castle, the seat of the Duke of Athol, of most singular architecture, is well worth the traveller's attention. This was the account given us by Mr. Stewart, a worthy and intelligent bookseller, in Greenock.

Cheery who was ready to go any where, with what he called peaceable and serious company, to behold the works of the *Lord* in the vallies and high mountains, and as he justly observed, with a sigh, 'to lift up his mind from the *creature* to the *Creator*,' eagerly proposed an excursion for a few

days to this enchanting place; and we accordingly booked ourselves as cabin passengers to Inverary;---fare, ten shillings each.

There were many names in the book, so that there would be no lack of company. Amongst them were a Lord and Lady *Larceny*; they were at our Inn, and the landlord gave a most whimsical account of them. He said they were two of the most whimsical characters in the world; nay, he went so far as to hint that things were not altogether as they should be, in the upper stories, pointing to his forehead; for the old Lord, he observed, had the love of his neighbour so much at heart, that it extended even to his property, of almost any kind, but particularly to hats and wigs, and silver spoons. In consequence of which, his Lordship was under the eye of his butler, who followed him continually, and never lost sight of him; for a night seldom passed that he did not return from some tavern, or inn, at the town in which he resided,

with hat or great coat, and perhaps half a dozen table-spoons in his pocket, that were not his own. It was likewise with the greatest difficulty the butler prevented his noble master from seizing the wig of any one that wore one, who was unfortunate enough to come within his reach. Where he was known, this passed off without notice, and the butler's time was taken up half the morning in making apologies, and returning whatever was taken the night before.

Lady Larceny had a most peculiar failing, which, however, not being of so dangerous a tendency, did not require the attendance of a servant. It was this—she spoke to every one politely in the extreme, according to the fashion of the world, what she did *not* think, and then muttered in an undervoice or whisper, what she *did* think; for instance, if she had to compliment a friend's son, just come from school, a rather plain and slovenly boy, she would say, “Ah, master George, how do you do, my dear; how neat, clean, and

and handsome you look this morning.—*A little, ugly, dirty dog, as ever I saw in my life.*” The last part of the sentence whispered to herself so low, that none but such as were close could comprehend her meaning, and then, if not acquainted with her failing, would not, perhaps, attend to it. Having thus obtained the secret, I determined to lose no opportunity of closely observing so rich a character; and for the reader’s information, I shall, in future, mark her whispering soliloquies in *italics*.

Being what they call fast week, there was preaching enough to sicken all the saints in the calendar, morning, noon, and night. Being what they call the holy week, Cheery thought it his duty to attend a methodist meeting, being himself that way much inclined, but found on inquiry there were but few in Greenock, and those were shut up, the Methodists not approving of Kirk discipline. In consequence of this, I accompanied him to a Calvinist chapel, or Scotch Kirk, where

we sat in misery to hear a man talk nonsense, and reprobate three parts of the human race, for an hour and a half, which pious Sandy, gude easy body, seemed to swallow as an Highlander would double distilled Farintosh.

I recollect a sentence or two of this most abominable oration, and the whole discourse was of the same description. "Though a muckle long life, stretched out, mayhap, to the extent of three score and ten years, be passed awa in the purest, most *undefiled*, and evangelical manner possible, yet, if within *five seconds* of the time of dissolution, an unhallowed thought come across the mind, that sinfu soul is for ever lost. Oh! 'tis an awfu *crississ*, for had but the shadow of such a thought gleamed o'er the mind of our blessed Lord, as he hung upon the cross, the whole human race would have *been damned* to all eternity." Again, "Ah, sirs, the mercy and goodness_o' the Lord is muckle and marvellous, and I dinna doubt but the elec may noo an then be

indulged wi' a peep out of heaven intul the infernal regions, to ken the writhings an' hear the howls o' infidels. Ah, it must be a curious and heavenly sight to the faithful, to ken the ald forseen tricks o' the de'il to torture the reprobate."

"High ho!" says Cheery, as we left the chapel, "pray how did this man obtain his information about the *five seconds*.—*We are told* to speak according to the sacred scriptures, and not from our own unmerciful feelings and foolish fancies."

It was about six in the evening when we returned to the Inn. Several families we understood had arrived from different parts, to proceed the next morning in the Steam-boat to *Belfast, Rothsay, Largs, Inverary, &c. &c.*

As we stood conversing with the landlord of the Inn, at the bottom of the large stair-case in the lobby, I heard a voice that appeared familiar to my ear, on the first landing, calling out in a strong Irish brogue, "Is there no snuff at all to be had in this mighty fine town of Green-

ock? No blaggard? Och, by the powers, there's plinty in Dublin, any how."

Whilst I was looking up the stairs to get a view of the person that spoke, I felt something gently nibbling at both my heels, twisting about my legs, and looking down, beheld two small poodle dogs, who exhibited great joy and gladness, as though we had been before acquainted, and indeed I soon found, with considerable pleasure, that this was truly the case, the little sagacious animals possessed a better recollection than I did, for they knew me in an instant, but, taken on a sudden, I did not immediately recollect my old friends, *Skye* and *Mull*.

Fondness for the brute creation, especially the dog and horse, has been a besetting weakness with me through life; it will, therefore, be easily imagined our mutual congratulations were not lukewarm; indeed they became distinctly perceptible, for the moment I returned their caresses, their joy, though unspeakable, was not unbarkable, their shrill pipes

were heard in every part of the house. The Irishman who inquired for snuff, being no less a person than Murtoch Delany, leaning over the bannisters to see what the dogs were barking at; but the moment he saw who it was, he clapped his hands, and roared out, "Habbee boo. Its he himself, my lady." And in his eagerness to descend, slipped his foot, and came headlong to the bottom, but not receiving any material injury he was on his legs in a moment, and rubbing his hip, archly observed, "Now that's the way all Irishmen come into the world, your honour, head foremost." He then begged I would "shake poor Murtoch by the hand," and continued, as he ran up stairs again, "Come your honour, come, the old lady will go beside herself, if she don't see you, but stop, what will we do? for the moment she sets her little gooseberry eyes on ye, Mr. Romney, she'll want to stuff her little billberry nose, and devil a bit of blaggard is to be had."

I soon supplied this deficiency with the

cannister left for me at Perth by her brother, and Murtoch run before me into the room, exclaiming, "He's come, my lady, Mr. Romney's come, and he's brought a great big blaggard Lundy Foot wid him ; and here he is, my lady," holding up the the cannister.

Mrs. M'Kinley Callaghaduggan, although more than twelve months had elapsed, looked as well as when I left her ; built on the strong foundation of a Scotch constitution, her spirits always equal, and although in her eightieth year, bating rheumatic lameness, looked as well and hearty as many females at forty.

Mrs. M'Kinley was not alone—an elegant looking female, of a copper complexion, sat by her side, and this I concluded was the wife of my dandy friend.

The old lady rose, and holding out her hand, "Mr. Romney, gude sir, I am heartily glad to meet you i' the country that gave me birth. I ken yer weel, for yer looking bravely. I hope aw things are ganging on wi ye as ye could wish,

and give me leave to add, as I think ye deserve." Here Murtoch having tapped the cannister, replenished her box, which she immediately attacked with eagerness, for being on the point of speaking on a feeling subject, it was necessary that the nasal organs should be brought to a proper sense of their duty.

" Ah, Mr. Romney, I've had a wofu time since I parted wi ye i' the great Toon. Ye recollec my brother, Sir?— Its now nine months since he left me, and for a lang time we did na ken the gate he had ganged, nor foregather the smallest accoont o'him, although we speerd by letter in ilka town i' Scotland, till at last we heard of him applying for his money at the Glaskie bank, and by that means I obtained a letter fra him i' kind and brotherly love, and persuasion to meet him i' Glaskie, but puir dear broken hearted body, he does na ken what he's doing. I am told he gangs fra toon tul toon i' search of comfort and canna find it. I have now been at Glaskie, and he's not

to be heard of; but haud ye a bit," applying the snuff with some force, "let it not be forgotten, the goodness i' Providence, as a blessing, i' the midst of my affliction, pleased to send fra a far country, the anely human being that could bring comfort tul my heart, my brother's anely chield, the innocent cause of his dear mother's death, and his father's derangement. Recollec the elders, sir, placed my brother i' a mad-hoose, and sent the chield abroad in hopes he never would return, so that the estate might remain i' their wicked hands unclaimed, and so for mony years it did, till at last, in spite o' legal tormenters, I drew it fra oot o' the de'il's clutches.

"My nephew. Mr. Romney, is a fine young man o' ane an twenty, and this lady, sir, is his wife; she is a foreigner, but a gude young crater, and they are a fond and loving couple. I have sent my nephew i' search o' his father, for if any thing can restore his tranquillity, it will be the sight of his son, whom he never

before beheld, and for that happy meeting my prayers are unceasing."

The pleasure I now had it in my power to communicate caused a similar sensation in my own mind, and I commenced the history of my first meeting with her nephew and her brother in Scotland, by saying, "Madam, your prayers are heard, your brother and his son have met, through my instrumentality, and are as happy as you could wish them. The old lady, placing her hand on her forehead, remained silent, then with a tear of grateful pleasure and astonishment, exclaimed, "Ye dinna say so?" "Madam, it is most true." Then clasping her hands most devoutly, she continued, "Wicked sinner that I am, how have I deserved this singular providence? Lord accept the grateful acknowledgment of thy unworthy servant; and you, Mr. Romney, under providence, have fixed a lasting obligation on oor family; may the Lord reward ye wi grace, and turn your heart tul righteousness."

This was the sincere prayer of a *vital, practical* christian; a character I shall always look up to with reverence and esteem. It was a grateful address from a *good* creature to the *great Creator*; plain, intelligible, void of Calvinistic cant, and from my soul I joined her in it.

This kind-hearted being had scarcely wiped the tear of heavenly sensibility from her eyes, and given her *wee* nose the usual three polishers, when the door opened, and we were all greeted with, "Ha, how did you come?" and son and father rushed alternately into the arms of the old lady and the young one, producing such an overflow of feeling in the sensitive bosom of the former, that her mental powers sunk beneath the weight, and she fell back in her chair, faint, and nearly senseless.

When the strong and praiseworthy feeling of this amiable party were a little subsided, I came in for my share of thanks for my services, and I received them with pleasure, because a self-approving con-

science convinced me, that I had in part answered the end for which I came into existence, by being the means of making my fellow creatures happy.

CHAP. XXXVII.

The young man, in higher glee than ever, inquired, "what's become of old *quisby*?" and when I informed him that Mr. Cheery was in the traveller's room below, his father, who had formed a high opinion of him, from the feeling he had expressed for the loss of his wife, desired his son to go down, and request Mr. Cheery would favour him with his company. "*Forthwith.* I'll bring him up by the Pigtail, all regular." However, at my request and his father's, he promised to take no liberties, for Mr. Cheery, I observed, was a serious character, unused to jocularities, more especially at the present time, when his mind was labouring under sore affliction for the recent loss of an amiable wife, levity would be highly improper.

Cheery soon made his appearance, with which the old lady was mightily struck; his quaker-like costume, broad brimmed hat, pig tail, and powdered hair, appeared so contradictory, that she was quite unable to read his character, but as I had informed her that he was a pious man, she rose to receive him, and ordered Murtoch to place a chair. From this time till two o'clock, surely people were never more happy, even melancholy *Cheery* dropped his, "High ho!" and caught the merry mania, although neither him or myself, had any great reason to rejoice on our own account, yet we did so, because we could not help it.

The joy and comfort of this now happy family was so great, that instead of crossing from Greenock to the Isle of Sky, they agreed to accompany Mr. Cheery and myself to Iverary, and pass through that part of the Highlands, although rather a round-about mode of travelling.

At ten o'clock, the next morning, Murtoch came to inform us that the good folks

up stairs were in complete readiness for our departure,

“ Very well, Murtoch,” said I “ how many shall we be able to muster? there’s your mistress, her daughter-in-low, brother, his son, and yourself; that’s five,—
“ *Six*, yer honour, six.” “ How do you make that out, Murdoch? four and one can’t be six.” “ Why, sir, you are not taking all into de acccount, for there’s a mighty plump bit of a black legislator below stairs, in de kitchen, a sweet cratter, that comes from the sugar Plantation, plase your honour, dey call her Podo; she might have been born at Ballinamuch, for she’s mighty fond of prates, and an Irishman’s not at all displasing to her, and bad luck to the Englishman, or any odder man, that attempts to touch a hair of her head that’s all covered over wid beautiful black wool.”

The cup of human bliss is seldom or ever *completely* sweet; untoward fate generally throws in a sprinkling of the bitter, lest poor mortals should be too happy.

The voyage before me bid fair to be one of the most pleasant I had ever taken, in separation from my better self, and busy imagination was at work, anticipating great pleasure, when a glance at the lank sides of my pocket-book, set the rat a rooting up the foundation of castle building, and caused me to send a heavy sigh towards the cottage of comfort ; however, no effort could be made till my return, and three days could make no great difference. Having eased my fears by this mode of reasoning, I prepared to meet my friends at the water side.

Cheery had never yet set foot on floating plank ; being a nervous, timid creature, the sight of the water increased his fears, and it was with difficulty I persuaded him to proceed ; however, before he ventured on board, he stood with his hand to his forehead for a short time, recommending himself to the protection of a superior power.

The generality of the world would, perhaps, laugh at this, and call it super-

stitious, but to a thinking mind there is a something, that commands respect, and awful veneration, in the devotion of a really good man, whatever his religion may be. Such, I must confess, were my feelings, as I stood in silence by the side of Cheery, whilst lifting up his mind to his maker; and however I might disagree with him in principle, I looked up to his practice with veneration.

Our party being now assembled, we took possession of the cabin, at least a part of it, in which we found an artist, preparing his sketch-book, and a country looking decently dressed man, with rather an intelligent countenance, looking over him, whom we afterwards understood to be one of the mob orators, from Paisley, where he had lately held forth at a numerous meeting for reform in Parliament.

In another corner sat reading the newspaper a gaudily dressed spinster, *thin, spare, and fifty*, who on our entrance, shuffled about, and *wished*, as she said, to be as *haccommodating* to *hevery* body *has*

she could, that was *er honely hobject*; but we had scarcely seated ourselves, and the good Mrs. M'Kinley supplied with her snuff, when two gentlemen, in loud conversation, attracted our notice, which seemed to arise from the difficulty, one of them, through corpulency, experienced in squeezing down the narrow gang-way. "Softly, softly, consider, my dear sir, maw, waw, that is, the—a—d—— it, don't push so, I shall be—that is, tumble, upon my soul I shall." "*Vell*, I'll tell you *vat*, you are not fit for any thing in the *wasel* world, but stuffing and cramming. I declare I'd rather travel vith fat Lambert."

The reader will easily call to mind the former of these two gentlemen, being no less a personage than the fat Alderman, recently met with at Birmingham, and the other proved to be a little impudent looking cockney, army tailor, who had amassed a fortune by contracts, both abroad and at home; illiterate, and purse proud, conceiving himself authorised to

be *vity*, as he called it, and the Alderman could not bear him because he was a tailor. With much difficulty the fat gentleman, at last, obtained a sure footing in the cabin, when after taking off his wig, and wiping his bald pate, without the least apology to the ladies or any one else, he observed, "I've got in by hobble gobble, and hard shuffle bubble, but how am I to—that is, get out again?"

A glass of brandy was then ordered, whilst the lusty member of the corpo fanned himself with his hat; and the little army agent strutted about, seemingly on excellent terms with himself; there being a handsome pier-glass, he adjusted his neck muslins, and drew his well starched dogs' ears up to his very temples.

The Alderman having put on his wig and drank his brandy, leisurely took out his eye-glass, and began to examine the company, upon which our young friend took up a large key that lay on the table, and holding it up to his eye in a most

humourous way, exclaimed, "Ha, how did you come?" Every one seeing the justness of the rebuke, burst into a loud fit of laughter, and the little tailor roared out, "By the living jingo, that's the *very* best quiz I ever saw. Alderman, you're had."

CHAP. XXXIX.

The steam-packets that ply up and down the Clyde daily, are furnished with most excellent accommodations. In the one we now occupied, there was a small cabin appropriated for the ladies in case of indisposition. Lord and Lady Larceny had taken possession of this little room, with her ladyship's maid, and his lordship's butler remained within call on the deck.

Stations being thus taken, we set sail, or rather steam, as the town clock struck eleven.

The day was propitious to our most sanguine wishes, and as there were at least twenty that were not cabin passengers, they amused themselves on the deck with dancing reels and strathspeys, to the

abominable drone of a most dreadful bagpipe.

The fineness of the day, the beauty of the scenery, and the merry gambols on the deck soon drew every one above board, with the exception of the alderman and Mrs. M'Kinley, who remained stationary, the one through corpulence, the other lameness.

Cheery, in his broad brimmed hat, pig-tail, and drab-coloured clothes, of course attracted much attention; however, he left off sighing, for his heart was made of melting mettle; and he could not behold the innocent happiness of his fellow-creatures without participating in their joy. "I admit," said he, "there may be no great harm in all this, for, *we are told*, David danced before the Ark;" though he could not perceive how the spirit of prayer could be kept up in these festivities, where carnal pleasures became the predominant feeling, more especially in so free an intercourse between the sexes. We were

interrupted from further animadversions, on the good or bad tendency of dancing, by a loud noise, resembling a coarse human voice, from some one in pain, intermixed with oaths, and exclamations of "Murder! help! halloo! pull me out, I say—what the devil—blether a wethera—I say help! murder! murder!"

The attention of every one was now drawn towards the gangway, from whence the voice seemed to arise; and Murtoch being nearest the place, called out, "By de powers, here is the fat gentleman in the wig, squeezed up like a rat in a mouse-trap, and squeaking away like a pig in a gate."

And this literally was the case, for the worthy alderman not finding himself at ease, *tete-à-tete*, with Mrs. M'Kinley, each being nearly unintelligible to the other, made an attempt to extricate himself unaided from the cabin, to join the merry party above. After many strenuous efforts, he had made shift to squeeze half way up, but his foot slipping, he

unfortunately fell in a position, from which it was impossible to extricate himself.

The noise he made, and the figure he cut, was so extremely ludicrous, that it was impossible to refrain from laughter; nevertheless, he was immediately emancipated; and when he had obtained sound footing on the deck, he seated himself on a bench, and in breathless agitation, again fanned himself with his hat, and called for another glass of the best brandy, which having drank with much glee, he thus harrangued the surrounding spectators:

“ Puff, puff; I’ll tell you what—aw, waw—that is, puff, puff. Ladies and gentlemen; upon my soul—this aw, waw, hobble, gobble.—Give me leave---no joke --I’m not---aw waw, — come here to be laughed at. No, no, Abraham didn’t come from---aw waw---that is, Thread-needle-street, to be quizzed in a steam-packet, by tailors.”

The alderman’s tribulation had brought

the ship's crew and all the passengers around him. The piper, who was blind, and Mrs. M'Kinley, were the only persons who did not witness the discomfiture of this distressed and sorely oppressed member of the body corporate. Some of the females commiserated, but none could avoid smiling; even the aged spinster observed it was quite *humoursome*; but no sooner had he announced himself, old Abraham, from Threadneedle-street, than taking it for granted she was now in company with that great money maker, Abraham Newland, she seated herself by his side, and congratulated his escape, in terms of soothing sympathy.

Curiosity being now satisfied. and a laugh excited at the alderman's expense, a pibroch struck up by the piper, brought back the dancers to ther reels and strathspeys, and our party, with the mob orator, the artist, the spinster, the army tailor, and the noble couple, were left with the alderman.

I had made it my business to keep as

close as possible to her ladyship from the time we came on deck, in hopes of enjoying the rich treat her eccentric soliloquies were likely to afford.

The orator during this time had gained the lusty gentleman's good-will by chafing his ankle, which had received a slight sprain, but his gratitude soon turned to spleen, when he found he was under the hands of a radical reformer.

“ Thank you, sir, thank you---hubble bubble a---baw—waw, that is---a---very much obliged.”

“ Not in the least, sir ; we had some difficulty in extracting you from a state of incarceration, from which you would not have obtained your liberty soon, had it not been for the patriots that assisted you.”

“ That's true---awa---thank ye, sir ; an Englishman loves liberty. I'm---a--- that is an English--hobble gobble.—Hate foreigners, every devil of them.”

As soon as the orator heard the word *liberty*, he set the alderman down in his

mind as a liberal politician, and rising, adjusted his cravat, and placing himself in an attitude that menaced a long speech, whilst the alderman looked up at him with surprise, not conceiving what was his intention ; and the good Cheery, judging from the seriousness of the orator's countenance, and the strong expression of feeling in his eye, that he was either going to make prayer or preach, took off his broad beaver, twisted his thumbs, and began to sigh heavily.

“ You're right, sir,” continued the orator, “ liberty is heaven's best gift. Corruption is the curse of our constitution, and to support it is the tyrant's delight ; but the people *will* be heard, and a radical reform”——

If a battery of cannon had been fired, the alderman could not have received a greater shock than these tremendous terms produced, less pleasing to legitimate ears, than the misery of millions, and the fat member of loyal associations was instantly thrown into such a Church and

King fever, that his immense red face became still redder, whilst every vein rose on its surface, ready to burst with Pit-club patriotism; and unable to give vent to his feelings through the proper channel, from the size of his tongue, he became totally inarticulate; all that could be collected was, “ Jackobins—hubble bubble—treason—radicals. D-----n ’em, down with ’em; and as an apoplectic fit might be the consequence of his overflowing indignation, a glass of water was presented to him, which, with indignation, he threw in the orator’s face, with oaths and imprecations, indicating, though with difficulty, that a glass of brandy was the only reparation for so gross an insult as to offer water to a member of the *corpo*.

The orator felt rather surprised at the rude and unpleasant interruption of his speech, by the lusty gentleman, but conceiving the inarticulate sounds, that proceeded from him, were caused by indigestion. As soon as the alderman walked off, he proceeded.

“As I was observing, a radical reform is the only foundation, on which an Englishman can build any hopes of enjoying the blessings of our glorious constitution. In speaking on this subject I shall divide my discourse into three heads.”

“D—mn your heads,” replied the alderman, who just then returned, and having recovered his wind, became again indignant.—“Come, come—a wa—that is—no speechifying—a waw—sound men and trilly bubble--no grumbling---a waw we don’t come here to speechify--do we, sir.” The alderman addressed the last part of his speech to the artist, who was busy with his sketch-book on his knee, and being rather deaf, and not having paid attention to what was going forward replied, “A very fine day, indeed, sir; I was taking a sketch of the hanging wood opposite.” “Hang vood,” observed the army agent, “oh, a sort of new drop, I suppose.” “How majestic,” continued the artist, “the lofty Benlomond looked down upon us as we passed under.”

“ Ben who ?” “ Ben Lowman, sir”
“ I wish I had seen him---maw waw--that
is--I’d have thrown a glass of wine in
his face---would, upon my subble bubble
---no man shall look down upon an alder-
man--that is---maw waw---of the city
of London.”

“ You are right, Mr. Alderman” in-
terrupted the little army tailor.---Mr.
Benjamin Lowman may be a wery rich
man, for ought I know, but Abraham
Newland for my money, he, he, he,”

The group that surrounded seemed
highly entertained, and the noble couple
appeared much to enjoy the dialogue,
between the mob orator, and the unin-
telligible alderman, but my mind was
bent upon catching some of her ladyship’s
soliloquies, and for this purpose, I fol-
lowed wherever they went, and placed
myself as near, as politeness would per-
mit.

CHAP. XL.

I had long observed his Lordship's eye fixed on the fat and greasy citizen of the great Town, and not recollecting this noble man's singular propensities, attributed his attention to the interest he took in the conversation; but I soon found out the real object of attraction, for by degrees his lordship, although honoured with his lady's arm, had crept so near the fat man, that they were nearly side by side, and in the middle of some of his spluttering observations, his lordship, looking him seriously in the face, said, "Sir, I'll thank you for your wig;" and at the same time made a snatch, and left the alderman bare pated; he then dropped the wig on the deck, and walked slowly off, for it seems it was not the wig,

but the pleasure of pulling it off that he enjoyed, whilst the butler restored the powdered cackson to its enraged owner, with a thousand apologies, for his master's singular propensities, concluding with, "Sir, you must excuse his lordship, its a way he has got."

It is impossible for words to do justice to this unexpected and most laughable scene. At any time the alderman was scarcely intelligible, but when irritated, the noise he made, as before observed, resembled more the gobble of an enraged turkey cock, than a human voice. What, then, must have been his situation at this time? The whole body corporate had received an unpardonable insult in his person. "An alderman of the city of London, to be thus exposed, and become the laughing stock of the passengers of a steam packet, and to be held up to the ridicule of his fellow traveller from London, who though a man of fortune, was but a tailor after all." Then the radical orator's condolence, threw his loyal blood into a boiling fever.

Any thing like words could not be expected, they were so wedged together, and came in such crowds through the lobby of his throat, from the lungs, that all attempts to escape by the door of the mind, called the mouth, became impossible; he stared as though his eyes would burst from their sockets; he stamped, he foamed, he spluttered, whilst a shower of saliva bedewed those who stood nearest.

When the subsiding of passion permitted a few words to escape, their import seemed to be a reception of the butler's last sentence: "Its—a—way he has got, is it?—jackobinical—blethera wether—that is, maw waw—radical scoundrel." For every conversation he did not understand, was always termed seditious, and every one who opposed his opinion were radicals.

The general laugh at the alderman's expense, had called back some of the dancers from the other part of the deck. Amongst them my young dandy friend, in high glee, who coming behind the still

bare-pated old gentleman, whose rage had hitherto driven away all recollection of the naked state of his pericranium, gave him, unperceived, a slap on the shoulder, with, "Ha how did you come?" The alderman conceiving the army tailor had taken this unwarrantable liberty, who stood grinning by his right hand, favoured him with a back handed blow, that caused him to reel over the bench, and prostrate his agreeable person on the deck at full length, exclaiming, in a shrill key, "Murder! murder!"

During this bustle, Lady Larceny had wisely persuaded his Lordship to retire into the small cabin; and as the alderman could not perceive his Lordship on the deck, and beheld the tailor prostrate at his feet, he looked upon himself as master of the field, and placing his wig in its proper situation, exultingly called for another glass of the best Cogniac, to keep up his courage in putting down the radicals; and in maw waw, that is, pu-

nishing that Jackobin bubble Lord, who dared to blethera wethera his wig.!

My young friend finding he had innocently been the cause of this unpleasant business between these jarring companions, from the great town, did his utmost to reconcile the parties, by assisting the little army contractor to regain his footing on the deck, at the same time making a thousand apologies for his imprudence.

But the little man was not so easily pacified, nor was he sparing in his abuse of his worthy fellow-citizen, the alderman, who, in return, looked upon him with sovereign contempt, on account of the meanness of his former calling, and answered his abuse with,

“Do’nt bother---maw waw—that is—sha’nt contend---hubble bubble---tailors.”

“Tailors! vell, vot then?---A gemman from the Minneries, vorth thirty thousand pounds, is not to be knocked down by any over-grown blubber chops of an alderman, from Threadneedle-street, with his big belly, his big vig, and his

blethera wether.——A tailor! Vhy, did'nt I make thirty thousand pair of *milantary panterloons*, back-stitched, leather sides, furr'd, and under-strapped, and did'nt the King say to I?"

“ Confound the King; I wish, maw waw, you---that is---and the King---hubble bubble---were up to the neck in the Thames ---Jacobins — maw waw—what do I care for—that is, Russian Prussian radicals.—King George for my money, and down with hobble gobble—(Sings) Confound their politics, frustrate their knavish tricks,” &c. &c.

The mob orator conceiving this an excellent opportunity to make a speech, begged leave to propose a method calculated to reconcile all parties; then placing himself in a speaking attitude,

“ To our glorious revolution——”

“ Revolution!—There, there, hubble bubble—I knew what he would be at. No, no—sound men, and true—no radicaling—maw waw—that is, no grumbling.”

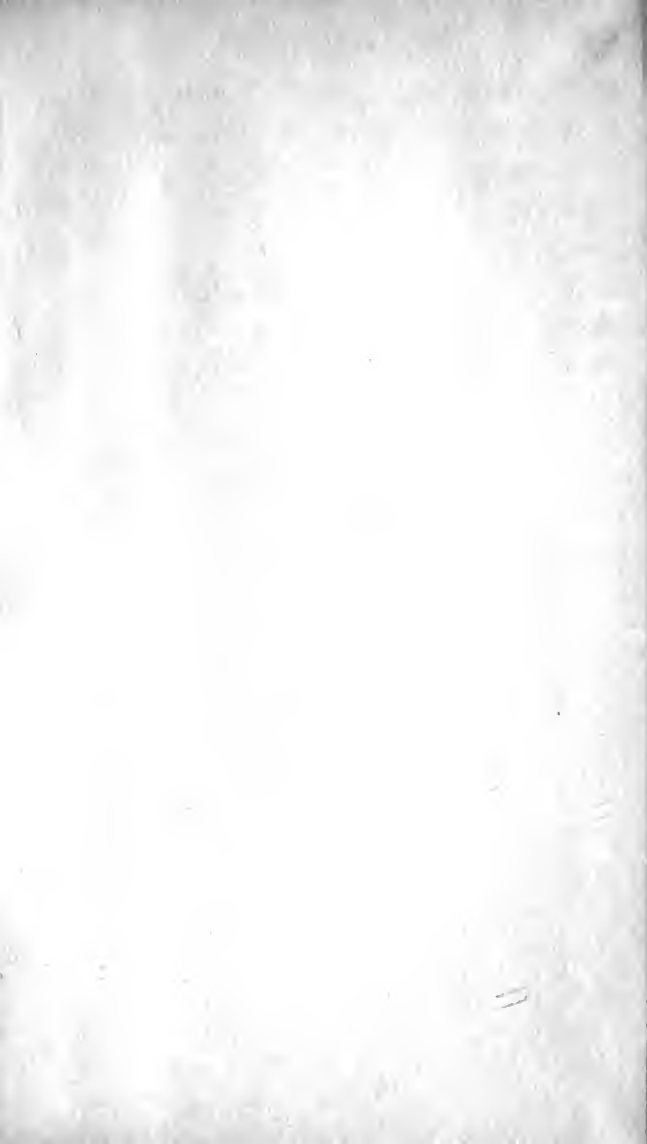
Having been so often disappointed in

his attempts to address a humane audience; the orator turned towards the banks of the Clyde, near to which the packet glided pleasantly along, and observing a flock of sheep and a large bull grazing, he addressed them with a loud voice, which so astonished the animals, that with one accord each erected his crest, and absolutely cheered him at intervals, as though they fully understood his meaning.

“My beloved sheep.” “Ba—a—a..”
“Your dearest and best of liberties are on the point of being sacrificed.” “Ba—a—a—.” “Yes, my beloved sheep, sacrificed by the Highland shepherd on the one side, and the Glasgow butcher on the other.” “Ba—a—a.” “And oh, Mr. Bull, thou sluggish beast of burthen, with hostile horns, and skull invulnerable to all the batteries of ratiocination, look’st on with stupid apathy, thou paunch patriot; so thou canst gormandize, thou carest not for the sheepish multitude. Oh! ye mountain muttons.” “Ba--a--a.”
“Demand your rights, *Annual pasturage*,

and *Universal graziny.*" "Ba—a—a."
"Do you love your beautiful Ewes?"
"Ba—a—a." "Do you regard your
amiable Lambs?" "Ba—a—a." "Rise,
then, ye ruminating citizens, for on yon-
der hill is assembled a *Holy Alliance* of
bloody butchers, with consecrated carv-
ing knives, sanctified swords, pious po-
niards, and sacred sabres, who me-
nace your destruction." "Ba—a—a."
"Away, then! begone!! despatch!!! pe-
tition for your radical rights, to *bleat* for
a *Bell wether !!!*"——"Ba—ba—ba---ba
--ba--a-a-a."

END OF VOL. II.











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